

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1921.

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THE HEAT WAVE IN PETER-PAN-LAND: LUNCHEON UNDER THE TREES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Our artist, Mr. Spurrier, has depicted a common sight in Kensington Gardens during the recent heat wave in London, which broke all previous records for the month of July. Women and children, hat-less and clothed as lightly as

possible, were glad to take advantage of the shade afforded by the green trees in the neighbourhood of the Peter Pan Statue in the Gardens, and thus escape the glare of the streets, with their sun-baked pavements.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

EVERYBODY knows by now that Mr. Bernard Shaw's last play is a sort of prophecy about people who live for three hundred years. On that I will here only remark that I recall another of his books in which he said "Every man over forty is a scoundrel." At that rate, what would be the moral condition of a man over two hundred and forty? But I, for one, grow to believe more and more in old proverbs rather than in new paradoxes, whether they are Mr. Shaw's or my own. And I incline to think there is more truth in the popular saying that a man is a fool or a physician at forty than in my own old notion of greybeards at play, or his new notion of greybeards at school. There is a very real truth in both the paradoxes, but they need to be diluted with the common-sense of the proverb. It is true, strictly speaking, that every man cannot be a physician. But it is equally true, and very important, that every man can be and ought to be a metaphysician. Forty years is time enough to be a philosopher in the sense of getting a working philosophy. And I doubt whether four hundred years would be too long for playing the fool. But I did not intend here to follow the fascinating general problems of Mr. Shaw's fantasia, but to take a text from it about more commonplace and contemporary things. The play contains a very amusing debate between two rival politicians of the Liberal school—who are obviously meant for Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith. The former says warmly (I quote from memory): "Allow me to inform you that you cannot lead a progressive party without getting a move on." And the latter replies placidly: "You mean that you cannot." And when I read that, it occurred to me that, taking this particular sort of progressive bustle for whatever we may think it worth, the position in political history has really been rather curious. It is the Radical Party that has largely been led by men of a scholarly and stately sort, like Gladstone and Asquith. It is the Tory Party that has been led by novel and sensational figures, like Disraeli—and Lloyd George. In that sense, the progressive party always had the unprogressive leader, and the unprogressive party the progressive leader. In that sense it would be truer to say that you cannot lead a Conservative party without getting a move on. In truth, the Tory Party has scarcely ever been led by a Tory. Peel was by class and character a commercial Liberal. Disraeli had been a Radical, and might have been anything. Lord Salisbury was the nearest approach to an exception; and he was far too honest and individual a man to be a good party leader. Mr. Bonar Law is a Progressive of the colonial sort, one might say of the cruder sort; and Mr. Lloyd George is Mr. Lloyd George. But the situation to-day is very different from those old days when the leader really had to follow the party. The leaders remain, but the parties have disappeared. We see certain genuine groups forming even in the newspapers; and the best hope is that they may be allowed to form themselves fully and freely, before any of the old labels can

be hastily pasted over them. The chief danger is that we may be content to represent the old label as a new label, merely by pasting it on the wrong box.

Meanwhile, perhaps an impartial reflection, upon the future of political parties, may be permitted to one who benevolently disagrees with them all. Lord Robert Cecil raised the question recently, in his own interesting manner, and from a standpoint similarly detached. He said he still called himself a Conservative; though we may fairly say that he now generally acts with Liberals. Mr. Lloyd George says he still calls himself a

party, though of a wisdom and virtue vastly superior to all others, has not reached the stage which distracts it with the temptations of power and patronage. And my revolutionary movement has at present no axe to grind, not even the axe of the guillotine.

As generally stated in the newspapers, the issue is between the idea of a Coalition, or National Combination, and the return of the old Party System. Broadly speaking, the former school argues that we now need a strong Government, and the latter that we need a strong Opposition. What neither of them notices, I think, is that

making the difference turn thus, upon whether we shall have a Party System, is itself a return of the Party System. That very question "Coalition or Party?" is the very model of a good old party cry. For a great Parliamentary contest of the old-established type, three clear conditions were necessary. First, that both sides should be wrong, and as far as possibly equally wrong. Second that each should bring the wrong accusation against the other. Third, that if by chance anybody should bring the right accusation against anybody, he should be silenced by the general good-feeling, as one guilty of bad taste, personalities, and hitting below the belt. Under these conventions we conducted, for a considerable time, and with considerable success, the old Party System. And these are quite equally evident in what may be called the new Party System. If the Government stands for one coalition and the Opposition for two parties, they are both wrong; and their charges against each other are both wrong. The real case against a coalition is not that it destroys the old party discipline, but rather that it extends it. The real case against the old party system was not that it unduly divided men into two parties, but rather that it unduly united them in one system. On the one hand, there is a very obvious fallacy in the coalitionist argument that we must unite to save the nation in peace as much as in war. We can unite in war, not because we always ought to agree, but because we do agree. All of us, except a few lunatics, did agree about the paramount necessity of averting



WELCOMED TO ENGLAND: THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

The ever-welcome King and Queen of the Belgians reached London on July 4, for their official visit, and left on the 8th. In a message published on his arrival King Albert said: "I wish to express to the great and noble British nation my deep admiration for her magnificent past and my faith in her high destiny. . . . The Belgian Army is proud to have fought side by side with the heroic battalions of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and with those of the powerful Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas."

Photograph by Bassano.

Liberal; though he is mostly supported by Conservatives. Most people will now agree that these names matter very little; and that it is not easy for any of us to find a new name that exactly expresses our true position. I remember being in Paris during a political election, and attaching myself ardently to the cause of a gentleman of the name of Baube. If I remember right, he proclaimed his politics, as with the blast of a trumpet, in the following words: "Député Radical Republicain Anti-Blocard Socialiste Anti-Collectiviste." That is the sort of man I am. That is the sort of expression which it would be necessary for the happy crowd to cry with one voice, if it elected me to Parliament. I am a Radical Nationalist Anti-Imperialist Anti-Collectivist Distributivist Christian Social Democrat. I am all that; and there are about three more of me. But my

ing an English defeat and a German invasion; and all of us did agree that the waging of war, the voting of money and the making of munitions, was the way to avert it. From that particular danger we all agreed that our country should be saved; and we all agreed about what would save it. But political differences, in time of peace, are differences about what *will* save it. If it is ridiculous to ask all good patriots to support the Government irrespective of what will save the country, it was equally ridiculous to ask all good party men to support the party, irrespective of what the party was doing to save the country. And these are not two contrary errors; they are one and the same error. They are exactly what the old Party System was; a sham division produced by the further unification of two dull and rigid uniformities.

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

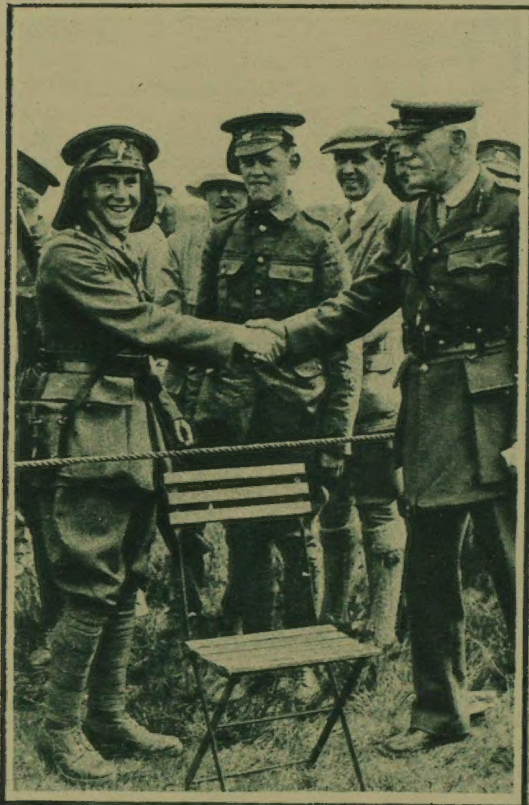
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUGH, SPORT AND GENERAL, LAFAYETTE, BASSAND, PHOTOPRESS, AND TOPICAL.



WINNERS OF THE INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO CUP: 17TH LANCERS (L. TO R.)—CAPT. D. C. BOWLES, LIEUT.-COL. T. P. MELVILL; MAJOR V. N. LOCKETT; CAPT. H. B. TURNOR.



WINNERS OF THE ROEHAMPTON POLO CUP: THE EASTCOTE TEAM (LEFT TO RIGHT)—MR. S. SANFORD, MR. E. HOPPING, MAJOR P. MAYOR, MR. T. A. E. TRAILL.



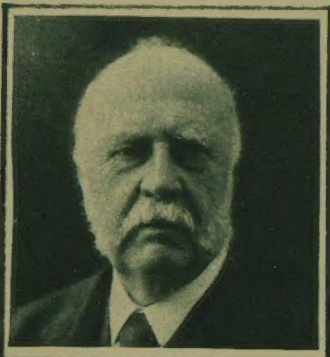
WINNERS OF THE ASHBURNHAM SHIELD: CADET CROSSKEY (CAPTAIN, SEDBERGH TEAM) CONGRATULATED.



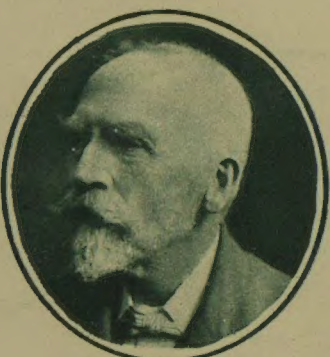
DROWNED FROM HIS YACHT AT COWES: LORD CRAVEN.



HEIR TO THE LATE LORD CRAVEN: LORD UFFINGTON.



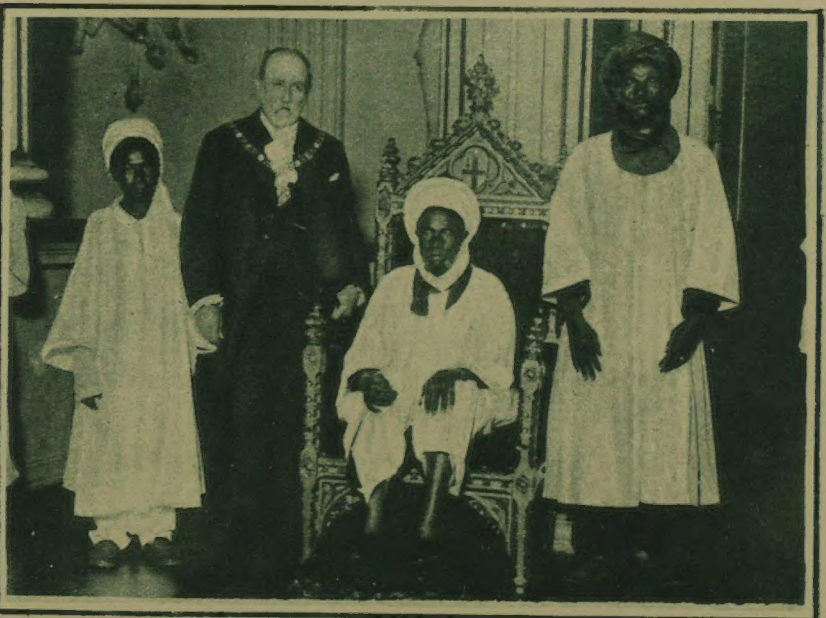
A FAMOUS STATESMAN DEAD: LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.



A FORMER EDUCATION SECRETARY DEAD: SIR G. KEKEWICH.



A SOCIETY WEDDING: LADY ELCHO AND MR. GUY BENSON.



RECEIVED BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: THE EMIR OF KATSINA (SEATED); HIS SON, AND HIS BROTHER.

In the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup the 17th Lancers beat the 2nd Life Guards; and in the Roehampton Cup the Eastcote team beat the Freebooters.—The Ashburnham Shield at Bisley for the best Public School team was won by the Sedburgh Eight.—Lord Craven was found drowned off his yacht at Cowes. He is succeeded by his only child and heir, Lord Uffington, who is 24 years of age.—Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who has just died, was a Representative Peer for Scotland, and had a distinguished political career.—Sir George Kekewich was the

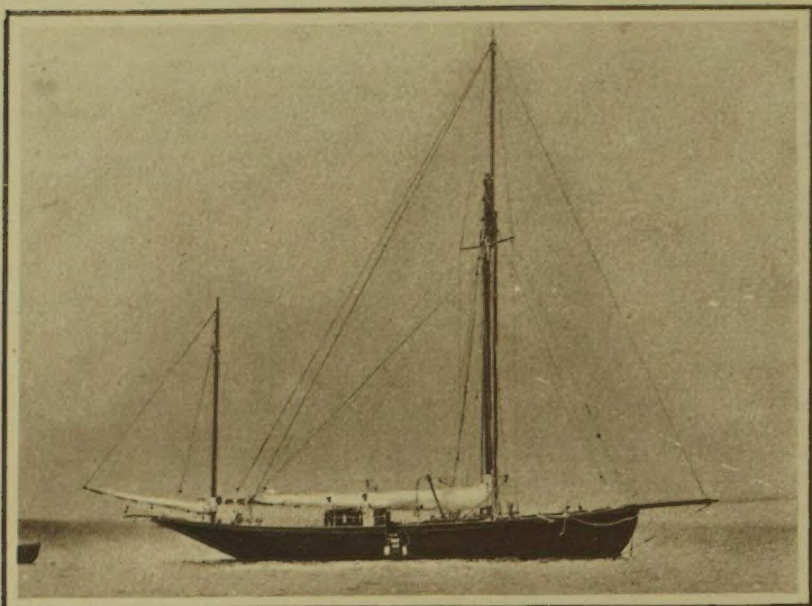


WELCOMED AT THE DUBLIN MANSION HOUSE, WHERE THE IRISH TRUCE WAS ARRANGED: GENERAL MACREADY.

first Secretary of the Board of Education from 1900 to 1903, when he retired on the coming into force of the Education Act of 1902.—Lady Elcho, who is a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and a sister of Lady Diana Cooper, has been married to Mr. Guy Benson.—The Emir of Katsina, who is sightseeing in this country, has paid a visit to the Lord Mayor of London.—General Sir Nevil Macready was heartily cheered when he arrived at the Mansion House, Dublin, to take part in the Conference at which the Irish Truce was arranged.

# IN THE NEWS: A COWES TRAGEDY; THE HEAT; THE IRISH TRUCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., TOPICAL, AND I.B.



OWNED BY THE LATE EARL OF CRAVEN, WHO DISAPPEARED FROM HER DECK AND WAS FOUND DROWNED: THE YACHT "SYLVIA."



ONE OF THE MANY FIRES ON DOWNS, HEATHS, AND COMMONS DUE TO THE HEAT WAVE: GORSE ABLAZE ON HAM COMMON.



SHOT IN BELFAST ON THE EVE OF THE TRUCE IN IRELAND: TWO WOUNDED R.I.C. CONSTABLES BEING CARRIED TO A LORRY COMMANDEERED BY AN OFFICER.



ARMED ONLY WITH BATH TOWELS, ON THEIR WAY FOR A SWIM: R.I.C. CADETS AFTER THE DECLARATION OF THE TRUCE IN DUBLIN.

The Earl of Craven, Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire, and a well-known member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was reported missing from his yacht "Sylvia," off Cowes, on Sunday, June 10. Subsequently, his body was recovered from the water.—The heat wave, which in many parts of the country had beaten all previous records for July, was accompanied by many outbreaks of fire on open spaces and commons. It was suggested that in some cases the cause might be attributed to the concentration of the sun's rays on pieces of broken bottles or

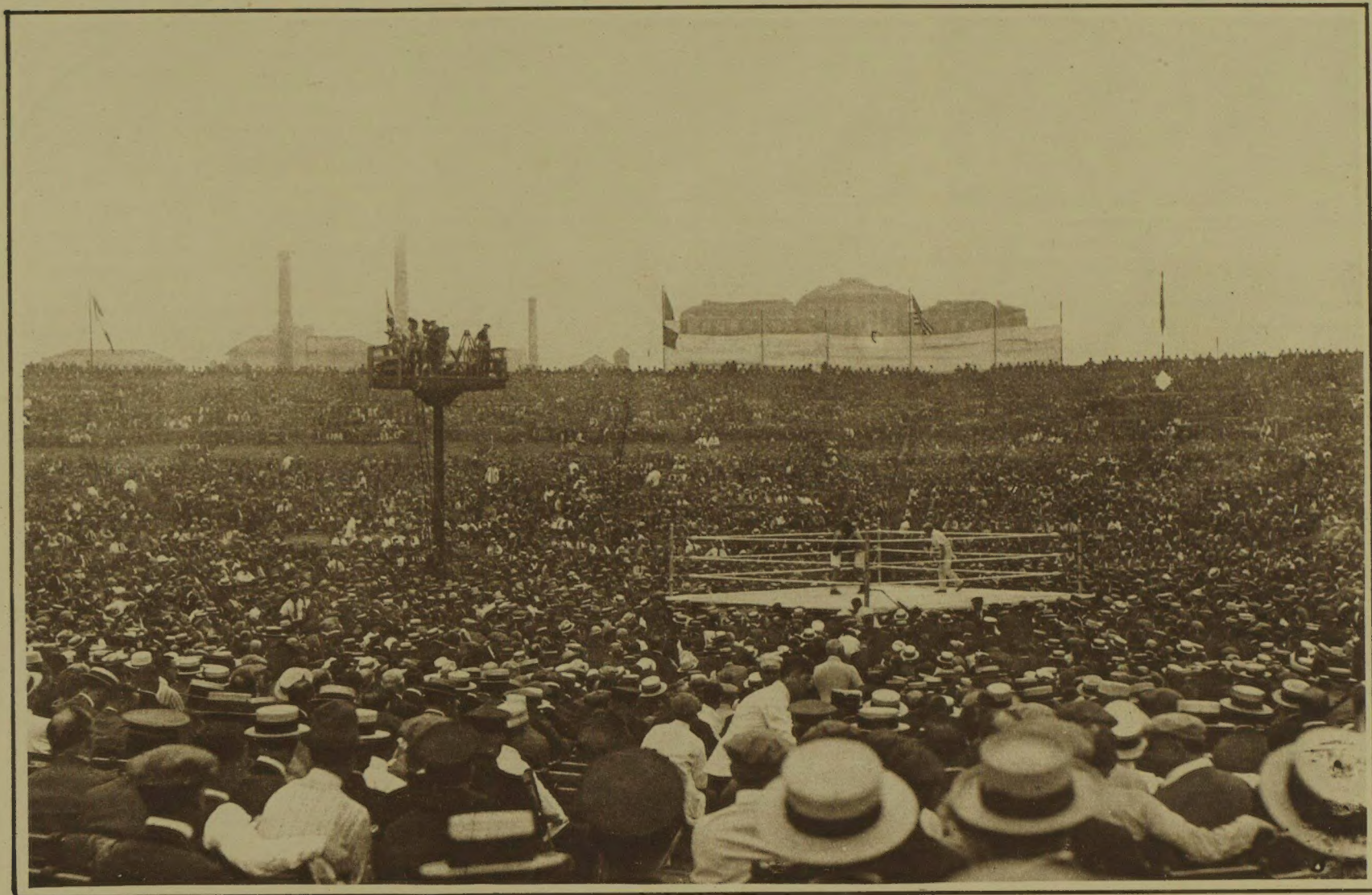


WITH CAMERA INSTEAD OF MACHINE-GUN AND REVOLVER: CADETS FRATERNISING WITH THE CROWD OUTSIDE DUBLIN CASTLE.

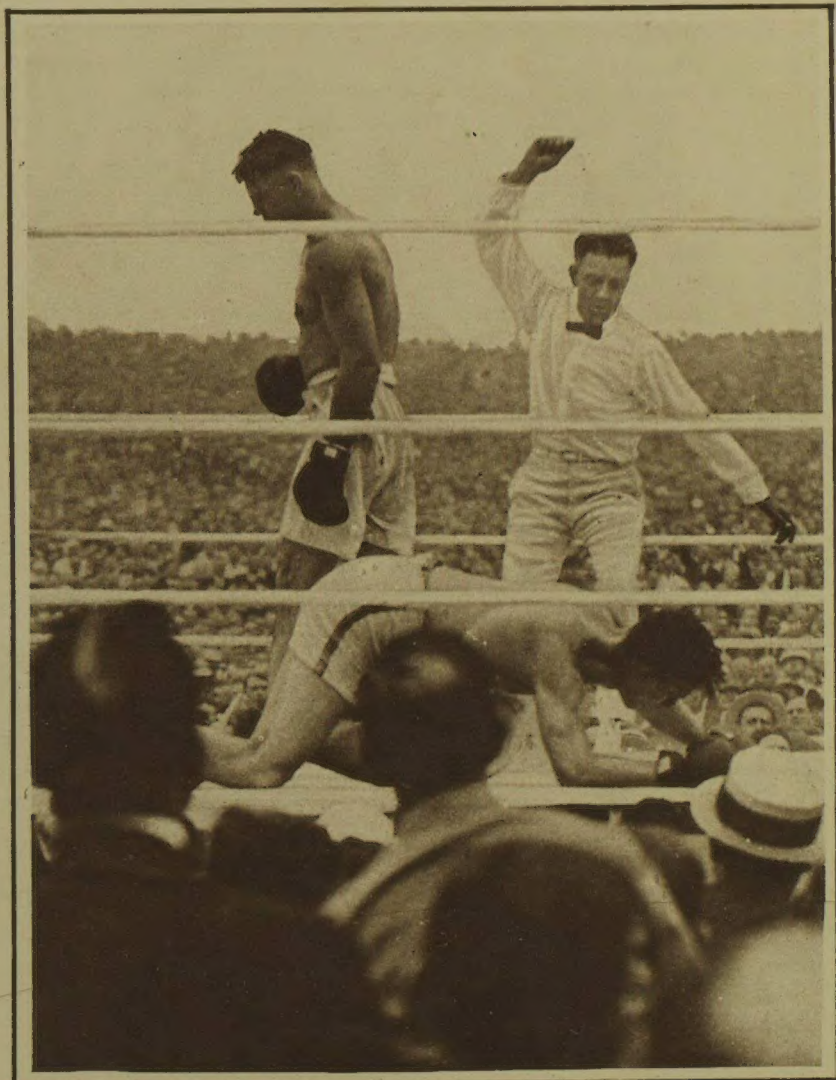
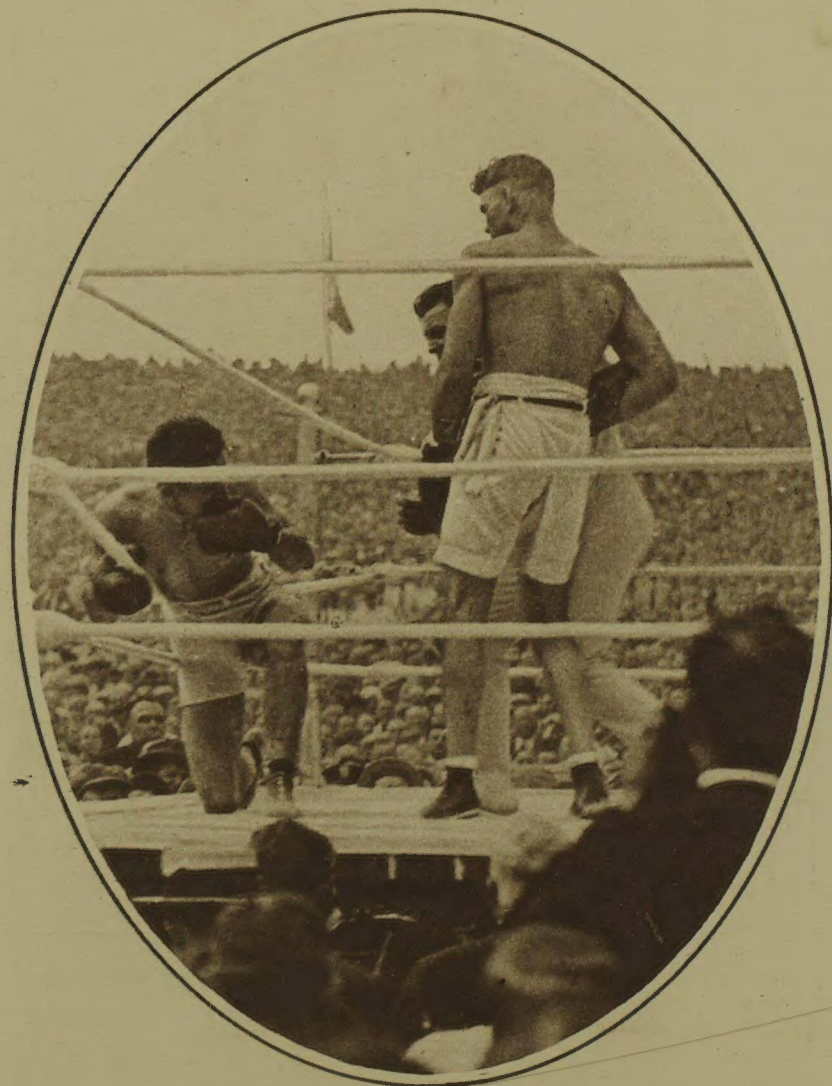
glass left lying about.—On the eve of the Truce in Ireland there was a regrettable outburst of rioting and outrage in Belfast, when one police-constable was killed and two seriously wounded, and a large number of other people were injured during the disturbances, which lasted all night. In Dublin, at twelve o'clock on Monday, July 11, when the Irish Truce came into force, wonderful scenes were witnessed, the R.I.C. Auxiliaries walking about unarmed and fraternising with the people.

# BEFORE 100,000 SPECTATORS: CARPENTIER KNOCKED OUT BY DEMPSEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



SHOWING THE ARENA, IN WHICH THERE WERE A HUNDRED THOUSAND SPECTATORS, AND SEVEN HUNDRED REPORTERS TO FLASH THE DETAILS OF THE FIGHT ROUND THE WORLD: THE RING-SIDE, WITH THE "CROW'S-NEST" FOR CINEMATOGRAPH PHOTOGRAPHERS (LEFT).



DOWN AND NEARLY OUT: CARPENTIER, FORCED TO THE ROPES BY THE TERRIFIC ONSLAUGHT OF DEMPSEY, FALLS ON HIS KNEE.

The Carpentier-Dempsey fight, which took place at Jersey City, U.S.A., on July 2, was a record contest in many ways, and was watched by the whole of the civilised world in person or on paper. It was reported by 700 newspaper representatives—which was one record, the previous best being 400, when Dempsey won the title from Willard at Toledo. The specially built open-air stadium at Jersey City accommodated 100,000 spectators, and covered a space of seven acres. There were more than 1000 special police and 400 firemen on duty,

CARPENTIER DURING A COUNT: DEMPSEY STANDING BY IMMEDIATELY BEFORE KNOCKING OUT HIS RIVAL.

besides a corps of 600 attendants, and dressing-stations, doctors, nurses, and a fleet of ambulances. Mr. Rickard, the promoter of the match, was estimated to receive about £150,000 as the result of the fight. Dempsey received £81,000, and Carpentier £54,000. The fight lasted a little over ten minutes, Carpentier being knocked out with a right to the heart in the fourth round after having been down for a count of nine. He had broken a thumb in the second round in administering a heavy blow to Dempsey's jaw.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY

IN the hands of certain eminent storytellers the novel threatens more and more to become a tract, and at the present moment, when life is such a tangled bundle of problems, the doctrinaire novelist cannot resist his opportunity. He may be justified, and only the hopelessly old-fashioned and discredited may cling to the opinion that the words of a book worth the name "should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers

Melian Stokes, verging on age if not old, seems to exist only to enable Mr. Cannan to expound the mentality of the conscientious objector, and it is not easy to say whether the portrait is hostile or friendly. A crowd of unpleasant Adelphi-cum-Hampstead cranks and faddists, a self-conscious old family, a profiteer Minister, his nasty wife, and a neurotic young female, Matty Boscawen, hustle the discussion to its nebulous last word. Matty is left waiting for Melian's release from prison in the same proud spirit that a less enlightened girl would have awaited his return from the front.

bour Patricia Whipple, a young rebel bent on running away and emulating a fictitious hero, one Ben Blunt. But Pat's skirts were in the way. Ergo, she forced modest Wilbur to go behind a tombstone and hand over his garments, she making a fair exchange, and sweetening the bargain with her savings. Meanwhile, the entirely proper and cautious Merle made many subtle and self-interested reflections on the custody of the cash. Detection of the queer trio led to an introduction to the noble Whipple elders. Pat demanded a brother and got the paragon Merle, who went up to soft living, while solid Wilbur remained below to work out his own salvation.

Mr. Wilson understands childhood. Wilbur's sensations in church need no bush. At first uncomfortably wedged between admonitory elders, he experienced at last "a mercifully deadening inertia that made him slumbrous and almost happy. . . . He dozed in a smother of applied godliness. . . . He knew only that a frowning old gentleman stood in a high place and scolded about something." And everywhere there are asides that recall the method of Agnes Repplier, whose essays one could wish better known at a time when Transatlantic literature suffers from the "live-wire" and "quick-firing" imperative, and the old, pure voices seem to be hushed. Here they speak again with the accent of a new time, for the story drifts on into the war and post-war period. Merle leads a quasi-intellectual set of protesters and is quietly sat upon: Wilbur the capable serves capably abroad, mercifully without becoming a Paladin of fiction, and returns undistinguished, to till the soil and reinforce the Whipple stock through a more intimate adoption than Merle's. Post-war problems enter without being thrust in. On these, old Uncle Sharon, that delightful creation, has a characteristic last word to Wilbur: "I don't know what the good Lord intends to come out of all this rumpus, but I do know the world's going to need food. We'll raise it."

It is the thing, one supposes, to be among the Tractarians, consequently it is not altogether surprising to find Mr. Vachell enrolled in the noble company. He is concerned with the troubles of the landed gentry in these mad times, and his new novel, "BLINKERS" (Cassell; 8s. 6d.), suggests that they cannot face present-day facts. But the doctrinaire is not very strong in Mr. Vachell, and his audience will not find that his pinch of philosophy



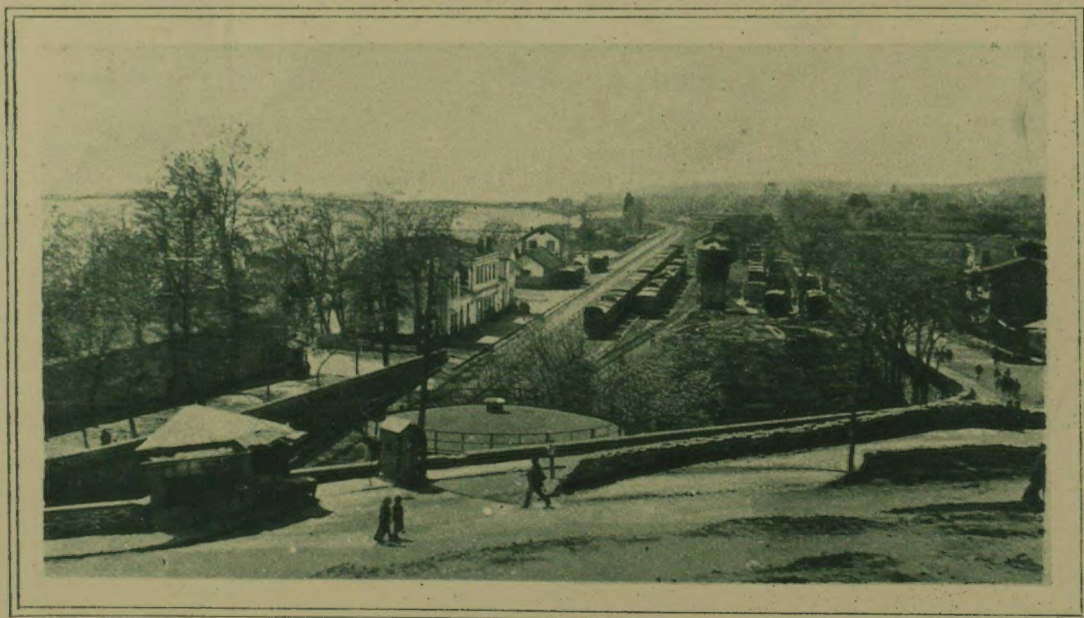
WHERE THE SITUATION HAS NECESSITATED THE DISPATCH OF THE BRITISH FLEET FROM MALTA: THE GULF OF ISMID.

The extremely truculent action of a section of the Angora Government has caused great anxiety to the Allies, and the British Mediterranean Fleet has proceeded to the vicinity for the purpose of protecting the Allied forces and subjects there in the event of the Turks advancing on Constantinople. It will be remembered that when the Angora Turks sent a delegation to this country last March, they made demands involving the restoration to the Turks of Thrace and Constantinople, as well as the whole of the Smyrna area, and the abolition of all effective guarantees for the freedom of the Straits.

and the story repeat itself in a thousand coloured pictures to the eye." That desirable effect is precisely what the most fervid apostles of the Tractarian Movement in Fiction seem unable to achieve, and perhaps readers now prefer the picture of things as they are to that of things as foolish dreamers would wish them to be. Yet even realists on occasion seem to be constrained by the irresistible appeal of the romantic. A case in point is the last story in Mr. Hugh Walpole's "THE THIRTEEN TRAVELLERS" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.), a book that illustrates very deftly the influence of the new social conditions on people of diverse types. Often the effect is inevitably painful—nowhere more painful than in the opening sketch, "Absalom Jay," the portrait of a little, futile, elderly society man snuffed out by post-war conditions. Those who remember a similar character crushed by financial troubles in Pinero's "Iris," will appreciate in the handling of Absalom a subtlety necessarily denied to the stage. Here is uncompromising realism, of which the book is full, although it is lightened everywhere by the author's exquisite sense of the London atmosphere. With that for theme, the romanticist in him will not be stilled by the solemn necessity of being modern. But in the last story of all he comes as near letting himself go as he dares before an infallible young world that holds it crime to be "pre-war." Very ingeniously he transfers the onus to Bombastes Furioso, otherwise Captain Benedick Jones. Somewhat disingenuously, Mr. Walpole would suggest that Benedick was a realist; but the reader may believe just as much of that as he likes, and he knows precisely how realistic was Benedick's final and most successful effort of licensed fantasy, "lies that paint your wife a goddess." That these fictions found complete favour with a lady who preferred novels "about what it felt like to be out of a job on a wet day," is conclusive proof that Mr. Walpole secretly subscribes to that ultimate gospel of his craft, "A Gossip on Romance," written—ages ago—by a fellow named Stevenson.

As a reflection of chaos in life and thought during the war, "PUGS AND PEACOCKS" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.) may justify Mr. Gilbert Cannan's skill; but the effect on the reader is as indeterminate as that of this author's essay on the anatomy of society. In that book he was particularly hard on old men, who ought to have no voice in current affairs. But the one pleasant and tolerable character in this novel is Uncle Bill, the old keeper of a bird and animal shop. The Cambridge don,

From America, curiously enough, comes a novel that is a complete foil to the pugs and peacocks, in so far as it exposes, with quiet incidental satire, the United States brand of the "stop-the-war" enthusiast. But the tractarian element is subsidiary to comedy in "THE WRONG TWIN," by Harry Leon Wilson (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), a story that is a real story, and not a jumble of ill-digested theories. Perhaps it is sentimental, but it holds sentiment in proper restraint, and the lightly sardonic touch of the characterisation holds it well above the tearful.



IN THE ZONE WHERE THE SITUATION IS CAUSING GRAVE ANXIETY TO THE ALLIES: ISMID RAILWAY STATION, ON THE ANATOLIAN RAILWAY.

It was reported on July 5 that the Hellenic troops who evacuated Ismid, instead of proceeding to Mudania, as was expected by the Turks, had made a landing under cover of the guns of the fleet on the southern coast of the Gulf of Ismid, clearing it of Nationalist detachments. The town of Karamursal and many villages between Ismid and Yalova were reported to have been burnt, but it was uncertain by whom, though the fact that the houses are mostly built of wood makes the average Anatolian village peculiarly liable to destruction as the result even of light shelling.

For a time it is a history of childhood that gives a happy modern turn to the Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn epos. The Cowan twins recall indirectly a phrase in "A Bad Boy's Diary"—"a healthy male child wants to be adopted—a good home more than wages." Not that either Wilbur or Merle Cowan desired adoption, but that fate befell one twin in a curious manner. For the pair, out blackberrying, met their rich little neigh-

destroys their relish of Miranda, an old-world, new-world girl of ladylike traditions who went out to service and was mistaken for greater than she was. Ill-told, the story would have been merely absurd, but the writer, an old hand at contriving palatable, unphilosophical mixtures, does his trick again, to the satisfaction, doubtless, of his public. Mr. Vachell, at any rate, does not blush to be a romanticist.

# WITH EX-SOLDIERS AND SCHOOL-BOYS: THE PRINCE IN LANCASHIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS AND TOPICAL.



CHATTING TO EX-SOLDIERS BENEATH A CHOIR OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN:  
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN PRESTON.



LAUGHING AT THE EMBLEM OF AN OWL:  
THE PRINCE AT MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



AT THE SCHOOL AT WHICH HIS OWN TUTOR WAS ONCE A PUPIL:  
THE PRINCE PRESENTING PRIZES AT ROSSALL.

During his four days' tour of Lancashire, the Prince of Wales visited some fifty towns and villages, and charmed everyone wherever he went. Part of the last two days was spent at Preston, Blackpool, and in Manchester. At Rossall School, near Blackpool, where the Prince's old tutor, Mr. Hansell, was educated, the visit coincided with the annual speech day, and his Royal Highness presented prizes to the best two non-commissioned officers of the school O.T.C., Co.-Sgt.-Mjr.



SPEAKING TO THE SON OF THE LATE PTE. YOUNG, PRESTON'S V.C.:  
THE PRINCE AT THE TOWN HALL, PRESTON.

S. R. Simpson and Sgt. J. F. Longbotham. During his four days' tour the Prince accepted a number of mementoes spontaneously offered by ex-Service men and impulsive women. Unfortunately the strain of this tour, coupled with the strenuousness of his previous public engagements ever since he returned from Canada and Australia, has affected his Royal Highness's health, and it is announced that he has declined all public engagements whatever during the months of August and September.

## WHAT IS THE SUB-MACHINE GUN? A PHOTOGRAPHIC ANSWER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. F. A. MITCHELL-HEDGES.

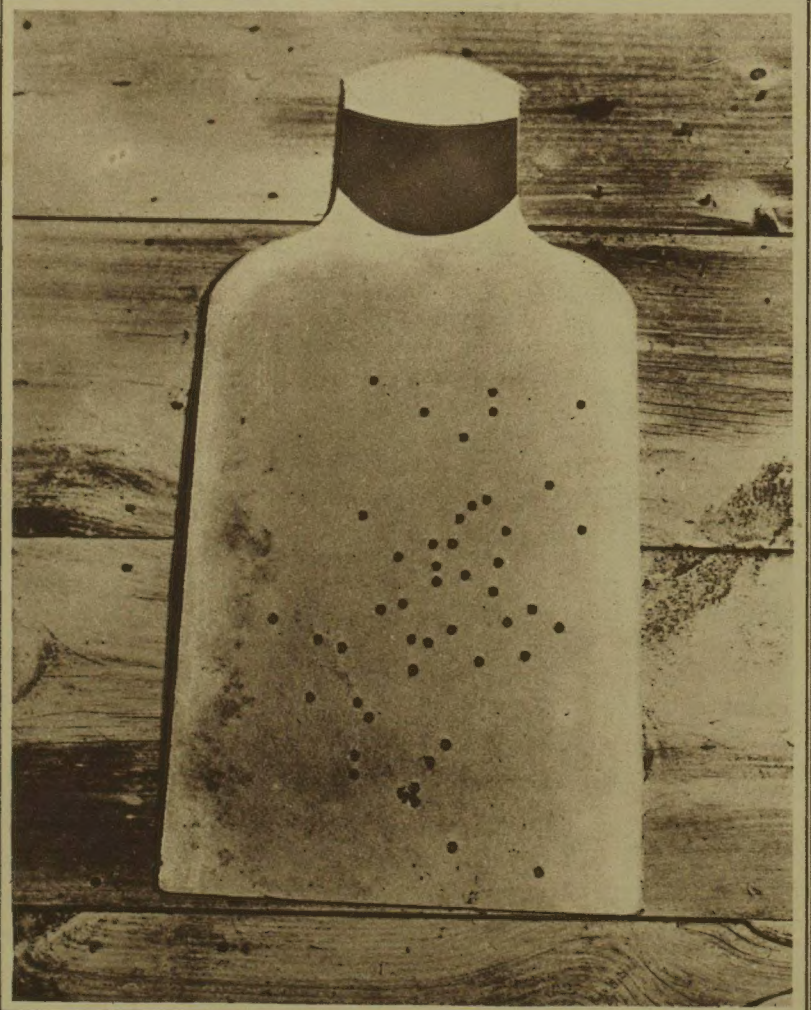


AS THOUGH A 12-IN. SHELL HAD STRUCK THE WATER: THE EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE TERRIFIC RAPIDITY OF FIRE WITH A 45-CALIBRE BULLET FROM THE SUB-MACHINE GUN AT 250 YARDS.



MAKING 47 HITS OUT OF 50 SHOTS IN TWO SECONDS AT 250 YARDS: MR. MITCHELL-HEDGES SCORING A RECORD WITH THE NEW WEAPON.

Great interest and curiosity were aroused recently regarding the details and performances of the new sub-machine gun invented by Brig.-Gen. J. T. Thompson, U.S.A., who was in charge of the production of Small Arms for the U.S.A. Army during the war. It will be remembered that about 500 of these guns were seized by the Customs authorities in New York not long ago; it is said, on the eve of their despatch to Ireland, where they were alleged to have been intended for the use of Sinn Fein gunmen. How the guns came to be so placed is not known.



THE WORLD'S RECORD SCORE FOR RAPIDITY OF FIRE AND NUMBER OF HITS IN TWO SECONDS: THE TARGET AFTER A TRIAL AT 250 YARDS.

The weapon is very light, weighing only a few pounds, and can be used with ease from the shoulder. It fires a 45-calibre bullet, and has been adopted for riot duty by police forces throughout the U.S. Our photographs show some tests recently made with it in America by Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, of Parkstone, Dorset. It is claimed that he created a world's record in firing 50 shots at a body-sized target of a man at 250 yards in two seconds, making 47 direct hits. A demonstration was also given before the Bisley Committee recently.

## TENSE DUBLIN MOMENTS: DURING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE TRUCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., AND TOPICAL.



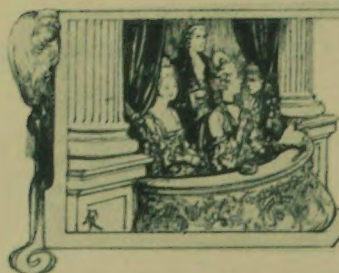
SWEPT ALMOST OFF HIS FEET, IN A RUSH OF HIS ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTERS: MR. DE VALERA TRYING TO REACH HIS CAR AFTER THE CONFERENCE. (MR. DE VALERA IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE MÊLÉE IN THE FOREGROUND, HATLESS, WITH HIS BACK TOWARDS THE READER).



RECITING THE "ANGELUS" ON THE STROKE OF TWELVE, OUTSIDE THE DUBLIN MANSION HOUSE: THE HUGE CROWD OF SPECTATORS, LARGELY COMPOSED OF WOMEN, PRAYING FOR PEACE.

The informal conference at the Dublin Mansion House, called by Mr. de Valera, which opened on Monday, July 4, was adjourned until Friday, July 8, when the delegates again assembled, a huge crowd packing the space before the Mansion House. After the doors had closed on the Conference the tension in the streets became almost painful, large numbers of people kneeling down and reciting the

Rosary and the Litany on the stroke of twelve. On attempting to reach his motor-car after leaving the Conference during an afternoon adjournment, Mr. de Valera was almost swept off his feet by the enthusiasm of his supporters. Later, there was fresh enthusiasm when it was announced that Mr. de Valera would meet Mr. Lloyd George, and that a truce had been arranged from Monday, July 11, at noon.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.



LIKE a Dutch uncle would I talk to you, José G. Levy. I like you. I admire your pluck and enterprise in making a success of the Little Theatre and your Guignol. We do not always see eye-to-eye in artistic appreciation; nor would I claim that I am always right and you the reverse; but this time there cannot exist two views. You must change your policy; you must reverse your engines; you must cease piling Pelion on Ossa, else your Guignol will bring you "guigné," which is French for bad luck. Your répertoires have gone crescendo in the inverted sense. Your last bill lowered the standard; this time, except an amusing snippet, "Rounding the Triangle," by Crawshaw-Williams, what is there but bad stuff and sheer nonsense on which fine actors are wasted? I will dismiss the nonsense and come to the stuff, the terrible stuff, that was the *pièce de résistance* of a lost evening.

Now, my dear Levy, I am not squeamish; I do not cry "Horror!" and "Censor!" like some others. I have seen all there is to be seen in the theatre, from the highest to the lowest; lewd affairs in New York, the Théâtre Réaliste in Paris. I am also, as you may know, a criminologist; I have witnessed murder trials, investigated crime, swept the nether-world of London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Rotterdam, Brussels, but—and here I ask you to believe my word—never have I felt such anguish, awe, pain, disgust, horror, dismay, as in your theatre when they played that dastard thing "The Old Women"—de Lorde out-lording de Lorde. You may laugh at me if you like when I tell you that cold sweat froze my brow, that I felt ill, that I could have screamed. It is all a tribute to the players: nothing could excel the pathos of Miss Sybil Thorndike as the young girl murdered by insane hands, the wonderful creation of the old demented virago of Miss Barbara Gott, and the vacant smile of Miss Athene Seyler, who is a good actress when she does not coquet with the high-brow possibilities of the auditorium, as in the "Triangle" play. But for once the acting could not save the bastardy of bad art.

Now, I have been in the Salpêtrière, some twenty years ago, when I visited the prisons and asylums of Paris, and what I saw haunts me at times. So does "Old Women." It was horrible, harrowing, an unspeakable reality transferred with incredible dexterity and infinite bad taste into a play. For this is not merely wilful frightfulness; it is a libel, an attack on Catholicism. It charges the holy virgins who sacrifice their lives for mankind with forsaking duty in fanaticism. And that is not true; it is unproven; I go as far as to say it does not exist. Sometimes the Sœurs may be crotchety—and who shall

blame the poor unquenched souls?—but in duty they never fail. To hold them up to contumely is to besmirch the ordainment of a creed.

And as to the effect. Do you know, my dear Levy, that madness breeds madness; that the doctor who showed me over the County Council asylum of Claybury five-and-twenty years ago died insane because he had devoted his life to

Ricciardi is a fine actor who has written a bad play. "Mr. Malatesta," indeed, has all the faults and some of the qualities of the "actor's play," that composition of reminiscent stage effects and all the tricks of the trade. One can easily trace its origin from all the Potashes and Perlmutter's of the U.S.A. to "Mein Leopold" of Berlin. However, it is a splendid vehicle

for the flamboyancy of Ricciardi. He is, with his Italian accent and vehemence, a fine actor, to be enjoyed in small doses. For a whole evening his exuberance is rather too intoxicating. But he makes us feel; he vibrates us; and he reminds us once more that, where temperament is concerned, we Northerners are as babes to a giant. In Mlle. Marguerite Scialtiel the stage has an acquisition. She is interesting, arresting, emotional; her English is chiselled, nowhere a trace of her French birth-right. But she must learn to walk—exchange her goose-step for the angels' tread. In young Madison, son of Moscovitch, we have a new *jeune premier* who will do very well. I hope his American accent is assumed for this play, and not a permanency. Miss Graham is a fascinating *ingénue*, and the Irishman of Mr. Breffni O'Rorke is the Green Island in all its whimsicality, charm, and benignancy of smile. A characterisation of rare quality.

Hearty congratulations to Ruby Ginner on the splendid success of her matinée, given at the Prince of Wales's on Wednesday last.

Miss Ginner seems to have infused the soul and rhythm of her dancing into her whole company, and whether as Nut, Mystery of Heaven, guarding the soul of man and sweeping evil from his path, or as the dainty, alluring Will-o'-the-Wisp in "Wisps," her talent is always versatile and brilliant. It is good to see, too, that in our rising generation, little artists in the making, the soul and pathos, the joy and tragedy, of the dance still live.

To Irene Mawer, also, goes no little share of the whole success. Her rendering of the broken-hearted Pierrot in "L'Enfant Prodigue" was truly wonderful, and her splendid performance in "Iphigenia in Tauris" no less so.

From a programme delightfully selected, "The Dance of the Joined Hands" and "New Rhymes for the Bobbies" remain especially in my memory. The former for its art and beauty, the latter on account of its

sweet reminder of nursery days—days so dear to us as we look back through life. Little Celia Dale was a dainty Sweet Arabella, and Bice Bellairs a truly terrifying young Pirate.

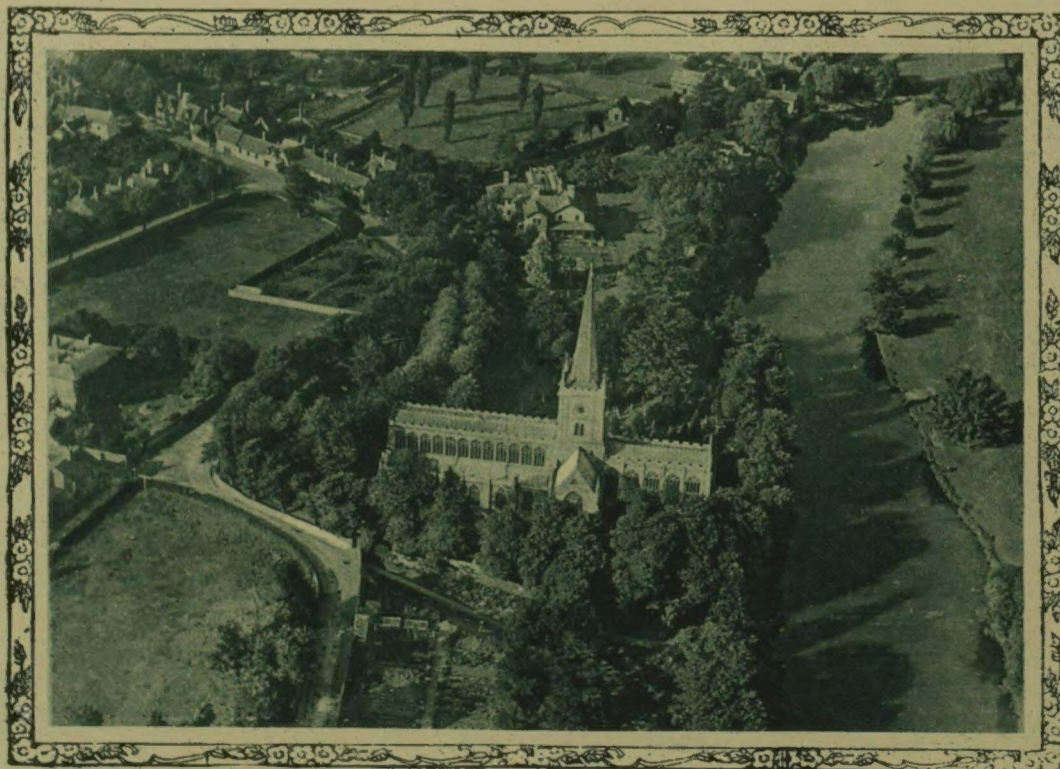
I hope to see such a performance again, for it promises well for the future of our stage.



A SHAKESPEARIAN SHRINE SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Our photograph is a view of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, taken from an aeroplane. Some months ago it was reported that the governors of the theatre had decided to turn it into a cinema during that period of the year in which it does not fulfil its original purpose as a national playhouse.—[Photograph by Central Aerophoto Co.]

insanity? Do you realise that, especially in the nervous women who left the theatre, you may have sown the seeds of incipient dementia? Oh, I know you do not mean harm; you are a manager who offers bizarre wares to the public because there



SHAKESPEARE'S BURIAL-PLACE FROM THE AIR: AN AEROPLANE VIEW OF TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Our photograph gives an aerial view of Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was buried, a spot to which many thousands from all over the world make a pilgrimage every year. The church dates from the twelfth or thirteenth century, and occupies the site of a seventh-century monastery.—[Photograph by Central Aerophoto Co.]

are people who like the bizarre, but, I beseech you, shelve this thing of pain and horror, which in lands where there is no Censor would be forbidden by officers of the law. You are so clever, so resourceful, that you need not stoop to conquer. Thus concludes in amity your Dutch uncle.

# DIVINITIES THAT SHAPE OUR OPINIONS: LEADING LONDON EDITORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, LANGFIER, AND HOPPE. THE REPRODUCTION OF THE PAINTING OF MR. WICKHAM STEED BY MR. CHARLES SHANNON, BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST AND MR. WICKHAM STEED.



THE "DAILY MAIL"—MR. THOMAS MARLOWE.

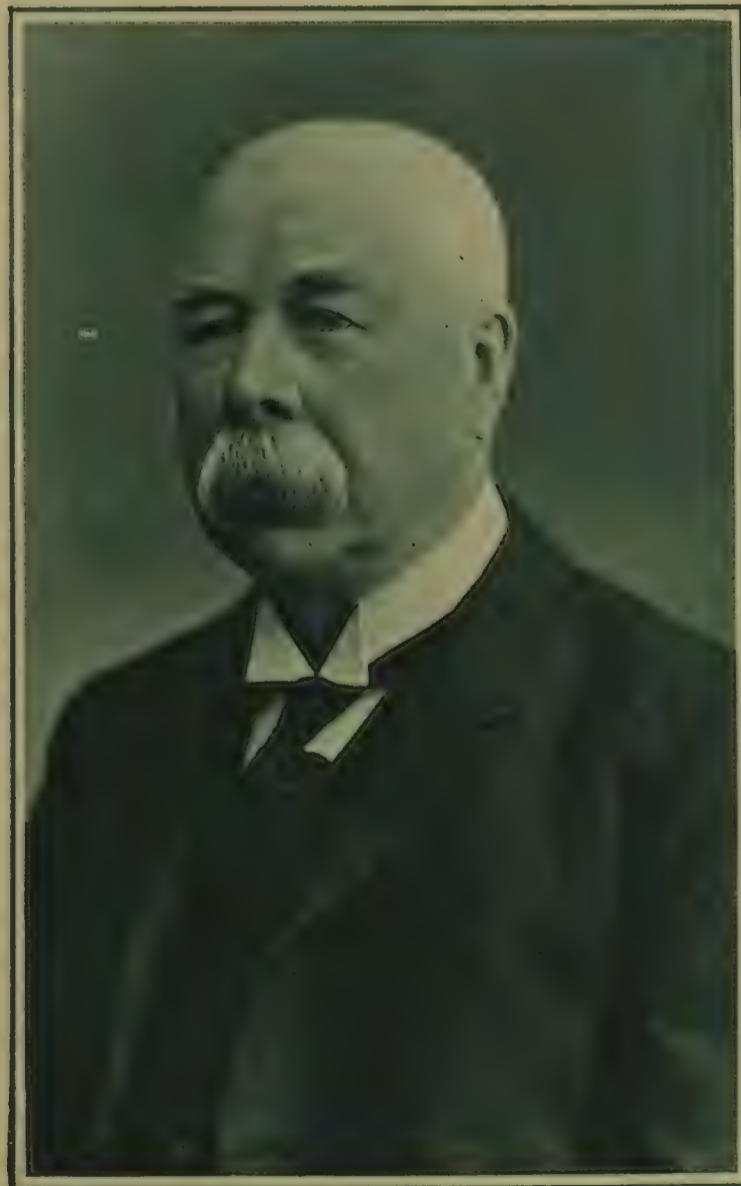


THE "TIMES"—MR. HENRY WICKHAM STEED.



THE "MORNING POST"—MR. H. A. GWYNNE.

Mr. Thomas Marlowe has been Editor of the "Daily Mail" since 1899, and is also Chairman of the Associated Newspapers, Ltd. Born in 1868 at Portsmouth, he is the son of the late T. H. Marlowe, of Aughnacloy, Co. Tyrone, and was educated at Queen's College, Galway, and the London Hospital.—Mr. Henry Wickham Steed has been Editor of the "Times" since 1919. He is a son of the late J. G. Steed, solicitor, of Long Melford, Suffolk, and was educated at Sudbury Grammar School, Jena, Berlin, and Paris Universities. He was acting correspondent of the "Times" at Berlin, 1896; correspondent of the "Times" at Rome, 1897-1902; correspondent of the "Times" at Vienna, 1902-1913; and Foreign Editor of the "Times" from January 1914 to 1919.—Mr. H. A. Gwynne has been Editor of the "Morning Post" since 1911. Born at Kilvey in 1866, he was educated at Swansea Grammar School, and abroad. He has acted as



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH"—SIR JOHN MERRY LE SAGE.

correspondent for the "Times" in the Balkans, and as a war correspondent in many campaigns. He organised Reuter's war service in the South African War. He was appointed Foreign Director of Reuter's Agency, 1904; was Editor of the "Standard," 1904, and resigned in 1911.—Sir John Merry Le Sage, the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph," can justly claim to be one of the oldest journalists at work in Fleet Street. In June he completed fifty-eight years on the staff of the paper. Born at Clifton in 1837, he was educated at Clifton and Bath, and after a brief journalistic career in the provinces, came to the "Daily Telegraph." He has acted as special correspondent in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Egypt, America, and Canada. He was with the German Army in the campaign of 1870, and in Paris during the period of the Commune. He was with Lord Wolseley's force in Egypt in 1882.

## DIVINITIES THAT SHAPE OUR OPINIONS:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



Mr. D. M. Sutherland, the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette and Globe," was educated at George Watson's College and Edinburgh University. He joined the staff of E. Hulton and Co., and was for some years London Editor of their publications. Later he was appointed Editor-in-Chief of the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph," and allied publications. He subsequently returned to London and became Editor of the "Evening Standard."—Mr. J. Stuart Hodgson, the Editor of the "Daily News," was educated at Richmond Grammar School, Yorkshire, and Christ's College, Brecon. He joined the "Lancashire Daily Post" in 1901, was leader-writer on the "Morning Leader," 1903, and leader-writer on the "Daily News," Manchester edition, 1912. He became assistant editor of the "Daily News," London, in 1915, and succeeded Mr. A. Gardiner as Editor in 1920.—Mr. Ernest A. Perris, the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle," established the London News Agency in 1893, held editorial positions on various London newspapers from 1899-1904, and was news editor and acting editor of the "Daily Chronicle" from 1904 to 1918.—Mr. W. J. Evans, the Editor of the "Evening News," was educated at King Edward VI. Grammar School, Birmingham. At one time he was associated with Mr. F. Schnadhorst and Sir R. A. Hudson, of the National Liberal Federation. He joined the staff of the "Star" in 1891, and went to the "Evening News" in 1894.—Mr. J. A. Spender, the Editor of the "Westminster Gazette," was educated at Bath College and Balliol College, Oxford. He was Editor of the "Eastern Morning News," Hull, 1886-1900; joined the staff of the "Pall Mall Gazette," 1892, and became assistant editor of the "Westminster Gazette" on its

## SOME LEADING LONDON EDITORS.

LAFAYETTE AND HOPPE.



establishment in 1893.—Mr. Alexander Campbell, the Editor of the "Daily Mirror," has been connected with Lord Rothermere's publications for nearly fifteen years, having, before coming to London, been assistant editor and chief leader-writer of the "Leeds Mercury" and the "Glasgow Daily Record." Before then he was connected with Yorkshire evening newspaper journalism. Mr. Campbell was associated with the "Sunday Pictorial" from its start, as assistant editor and art editor.—Mr. Wilson Pope, the Editor of the "Star" since 1920, has been a journalist all his life, starting as a junior reporter at 18. He has been a member of the "Star" staff for a very considerable number of years.—Mr. Leonard Rees, the Editor of the "Sunday Times," was educated at Ipswich School, and started his journalistic career in the same town, going later to the Northampton "Mercury," "Nottingham Guardian," and the "Sunday Chronicle." Coming to London in 1897, he was the first news editor of the "Sunday Special," and four years later became Editor of the paper, which acquired the "Sunday Times" and took its title.—Mr. J. L. Garvin, the Editor of the "Observer" since 1908, was leader-writer on the "Newcastle Chronicle" from 1891 to 1899; joined the political staff of the "Daily Telegraph" in 1899, became Editor of the "Outlook" in 1905, and of the "Pall Mall Gazette," 1912-1913.—Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, the Editor of the "Express," was born in Wisconsin, U.S.A., in 1864, and is the son of an American newspaper proprietor. After a career as reporter and special correspondent for the "New York Herald," and, at the early age of 24, Editor of the "Evening Telegram," he came to England as London Editor of the "New York Herald" in 1887.

## ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

NOW that the coal dispute has ended, the railway companies have promised a flood of excursion trains, and one of the novel features just introduced by the Great Western is a special "sales train"

at a single fare for the return journey, so that bargain-hunters can come to London and visit their favourite emporiums. This mainly makes its appeal to fashionable shoppers; but it is not remotely impossible that the regular clients of the great auction-rooms may avail themselves of these excursions, especially as the vicinity of Oxford has been selected for the experiment, and it may be supposed that scholars and connoisseurs from that University city may join the throng.

At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on the 13th some very interesting pictures made their appearance, and attracted considerable attention from those who knew their particular status. A large canvas by Romney, the property of a nobleman, represented the "Tragedy of Macbeth." It was painted in 1786 for Lord Le Despencer, and was sold at Mereworth Castle, Kent. Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Lady Macbeth, is at one of her best tragic moments, holding a blood-stained knife; and by her side is John Kemble as Macbeth, terrified and distraught, after his dauntless partner in the crime had relentlessly hailed him with "screw your courage to the sticking place." There were curious stage traditions: Kemble played his Othello in London in the full uniform of a British General, and continued to appear in "Macbeth" with a hearse-like plume in his bonnet, until Sir Walter Scott plucked it out and substituted a single eagle's feather. In 1782 Romney became acquainted with Lady Hamilton, then "Mrs. Harte," whom he calls "the divine lady"; but he saw little of her after 1791. It was therefore in the great period when the painter was producing his lovely visions of the wondrous Emma that this Macbeth picture was painted. The grim tragedy shown in this canvas of "Macbeth" rendered it worthy of finding a home in one of the great galleries. At the same sale, the property of the Earl of Dartmouth, a remarkably fine landscape by Peter Paul Rubens came up. It depicts an extensive autumnal scene, with fine storm effect. It was exhibited at the Leeds Exhibition in 1868; but Rubens landscapes are rare. The National Gallery, London, has the remarkably fine view of the Château de Steen, and another—a sunset scene. There are two landscapes at Windsor Castle—one showing peasants going to market, and the other a snowstorm. And the Louvre has two; but throughout the great galleries of Europe from Madrid to Vienna and from Munich to Florence, the subjects of Rubens are either portraits or religious or classical figure subjects.

In the same property was offered a typical Rubens canvas—"The Holy Family," with rich



STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE INSTITUTION OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, 1802: THE NAPOLEONIC GOLD MEDAL (SHOWING OBTVERSE AND REVERSE).

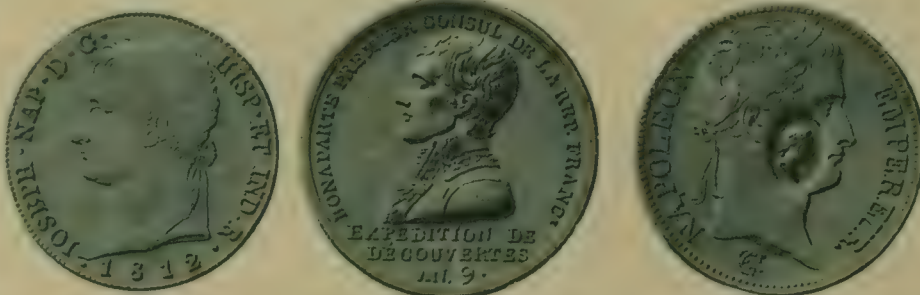
colours well preserved and lusciously laid on. This picture was exhibited at Burlington House in 1886.

A three days' sale of printed books and manuscripts at Sotheby's on the 13th, 14th, and 15th had its exciting moments. The study of the occult has received inordinate attention during the last few years. Learned scientists and seemingly hard-headed men of affairs and letters have been infected with the modern revival of seeing through



OF GREAT RARITY: A GOLD DOPPIA OF BONAPARTE, FOR MILAN (SHOWING OBTVERSE AND REVERSE).

a glass darkly and attempting to come into intercourse with the dead. Hence the interesting collection of books on the subject here offered claimed respect from students desirous of probing into Rosicrucian and other mystic symbolisms of past days. Astrology, the search for the philosopher's stone, and the transmutation of baser metals into gold were topics which produced a cabalistic



FOR SPAIN: A GOLD ONZA OF JOSEPH NAPOLEON, 1812.

COMMEMORATING BAUDIN'S EXPEDITION, 1801: A SILVER NAPOLEONIC MEDAL.

COUNTERMARKED WITH A HEAD OF WELLINGTON: A SILVER NAPOLEON, 5 FRANCS.

literature of abracadabra and mystic sign and guarded secret which patient scholars are never tired of attempting to unravel.

There is, by James Gaffarel, "Unheard of Curiosities Concerning the Talismanical Sculpture



DIES SIDE BY SIDE, BY VASSALLO, ON A RECTANGULAR BLANK: PROOF OF THE NAPOLEON I. 100-FRANC PIECE, 1807.

The illustrations on this page are of rare Napoleonic coins and medals, the property of Lieut. Sidney G. Reilly, R.A.F., which were to be offered for sale by auction this week by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. Most of them are of unique interest, being of great rarity, and in a very brilliant state of preservation. The Doppia illustrated at the top of the page has a slight crack in the die on the obverse, so slight as to be imperceptible in the photograph.

of the Persians, the Horoscope of the Patrathes, and the Reading of the Stars. Englished by Edmund Chilmead, 1630." Joseph Glanvil was represented by his "Lux Orientalis; or, An Enquiry into the Opinions of the Eastery Sages Concerning the Præ-existence of Souls," published in 1662; and there is the same author's "Saducismus Triumphans," published in 1682: "Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions," with engraved title by Faithorne, whose "blind Milton" has endeared him to print-collectors.

Another seventeenth-century volume is the "History of Magick by way of Apology for all

the Wise Men who have Unjustly been Reputed Magicians. Englished by J. Davies, 1657." As to horoscopes, there is a seventeenth-century manuscript of 118 leaves containing over two hundred horoscopes of famous persons, including Louis XIII., Charles I., and Ladislaus, King of Poland. Another manuscript of the same period contains hidden lore on palmistry, astrology, medicine, heraldry, etc., with 170 leaves of closely written matter.

Other subjects with a wide range came up pell-mell. The "Religio Medici" of Sir Thomas Browne, first edition, 1642, found itself two items removed from the first edition of the "Ingoldsby Legends," followed by a set of Lewis Carroll's first editions, including "Through the Looking-Glass" and the "Hunting of the Snark." Quite a series of Bacon's early editions were offered, wrongly described as by "Lord" Bacon—a not unusual slip. Lord Chancellor of England he was, and Viscount St. Albans, but a peer of the realm never. His "Sylva Sylvarum; or, A Naturall History in Ten Centuries," was offered in its first edition, 1627; and copies followed of the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth editions, the latter dated 1669.

Cyrano de Bergerac is presented as an author with his "Comical History of the States and Empires of the Worlds of the Moon and Sun. Newly Englished by A. Lovell, A.M.," with curious engraved frontispiece, "printed for Henry Rhodes, 1687." The catalogue bristles with rarities and with old favourites. Lot 427 is Thomas Bewick's "History of British Birds," two volumes, first edition, woodcuts by Bewick, Newcastle, 1797-1804. Lot 428 is "Gulliver's Travels," by Dean Swift, two volumes, first edition, with portrait, 1726.

Other books to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 18th and 19th include the property of the Earl of Albemarle and others. Lord Albemarle's copy of a Bible is of historic interest. It is inscribed in the handwriting of Archbishop Laud: "Decemb. 7 & being Tuesdaye I held this Bible to K: Charles while he sware the peace wth Spaine. Guil: London." Charles made this peace in 1630, the same year when John Winthrop and a number of Puritans settled in Massachusetts. From the library of Sir Richard Paget, Bt., an old friend comes forward in the first edition of "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner. . . . Written by Himself." There may not be many who have seen possibilities in the collection of "Army Lists," but some ninety-two are here to be offered, the property of a lady, the earliest being dated 1723, and the latest War Office Monthly List of Officers being listed as late as 1915. The present War Office List, being



FOR THE MARRIAGE WITH MARIE LOUISE, 1810; AND THE BIRTH OF THE KING OF ROME, 1811: NAPOLEONIC GOLD MEDALS.

as bulky as the London Post Office Directory, does not appear to invite a new field for collectors.

# LOWERED INTO "THE MOUTH OF HELL" FROM A LINER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



GOING ASHORE BY BASKET—SIX AT A TIME: PASSENGERS AT PERNAMBUCO LOWERED FROM AN R.M.S.P. LINER INTO A LIGHTER TOWED BY A TUG—(INSET) A PASSENGER LEAVING THE BASKET.

Landing at Pernambuco (which means "the mouth of Hell") is an affair of considerable excitement. Owing to the great coral reef that protects the port, stretching for a thousand miles along the Brazilian coast, from Maranhao nearly to Bahia, big vessels have to stand off shore, and communication with the land is made by large lighters towed by tugs. Passengers are slung overboard in a great basket, holding six people, by cranes, as the enormous swell makes it impossible to use the customary side-ladders and gangways. Embarkation is

done by the same means. The central drawing illustrates the process, while that at the top shows a tug and lighter manœuvring down to a liner. In the inset below a passenger is seen emerging from the basket, which is open at the top, showing the heads of others within. When the new harbour works now under construction are completed, ocean liners will be able to enter inside the coral reef. Pernambuco, which is the chief city of northern Brazil, is known as the "Venice" of South America.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

# THE PALACE OF A KING LEGEND HAS MADE TWO KINGS AND A DYNASTY: THE ROOM OF STATE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED BOISSONNAS: REPRODUCED FROM "DES CYCLADES EN CRÈTE AU GRÉ DES VENTS"—TEXT BY DANIEL BAUD-BOVY: ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED BOISSONNAS: ARCHEOLOGICAL NOTES BY GEORGE NICOLE, BEING A SEQUEL TO "EN GRÈCE PAR MONS ET PAR VAUX."



IN THE TOWN OF THE LABYRINTH AND THE MINOTAUR: THE THRONE-ROOM AT KNOSSOS—WITH HERALDIC GUARDIAN "LION."

Minos, King of Crete, was described at various times in terms so contradictory that legend has made of him two kings: the first one beloved of the gods, and, after death, supreme judge of the Shades; the other, the Minos of the fabulous Minotaur, whose appetite he appeased with the flesh of young men and maidens, in the Labyrinth at Knossos. Yet others regard Minos as a dynastic title, like Pharaoh. As to this picture of the Throne Room at Knossos, it should be noted that the Palace was found by Sir Arthur Evans, and restored by him. The throne, emblem of supreme power, is inserted in the wall. Its back is leaf-shaped;

its seat is scooped out to fit the human form, allowing the legs to rest easily. Also in the room is a form for ministers and dignitaries. The walls were covered with frescoes. As will be seen by the photograph, those on one side of the throne have disappeared; but it is safe to assume that they paired with those on the other—having, as chief feature, a plumed, heraldic lion, or griffin, with its head towards the King. The Cretan Labyrinth, by the way, was the most famous of all such "puzzles" and is the parent of such mazes as those at Hampton Court.

# "ABOUT A NUMBER OF THINGS."

A Chat on Science by SIR RAY LANKESTER, K.C.B., F.R.S



## THE THIRD EYE—AND OTHER EYES.—II.

EYES as simple as the lizard's parietal or third eye—described here last week—are characteristic of various kinds of lower animals, but are formed independently in different groups by the modification of parts essentially different in origin in each group. Thus in the scorpion and some other hard-skinned insects and insect-like creatures,

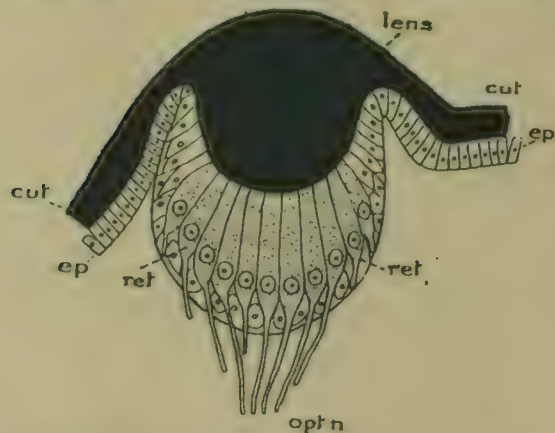


Fig. 5.—Section through the lateral eye of a Scorpion: *Lens*, the lens formed by chitinous cuticle; *cut.* the cuticle or outer layer of the skin; *ep.* the cellular epidermis; *ret.* the nerve-end cells of the retina, which are part of the epidermic layer of cells; *opt. n.* the optic nerve fibres.

we find a very simple kind of eye formed by a tubercle or knob of the hard covering of "chitin" or "cuticle" of the head (Fig. 5). From three to seven or more of these little eyes are found on each side of the scorpion's head. The living "cells" of the epidermis, which are sunk so as to form a shallow cup, not only secrete the nearly spherical lens of horny substance (which for emphasis is shown as black in our drawing, though it is really clear and transparent), but are actually elongated beneath the lens and serve as the nerve-end cells, or "retinal" cells, to which the nerve-filaments of the optic nerve are attached. In life, a black pigment is formed on the sides of each nerve-end cell, but has been dissolved by acid in the microscopical section here drawn, since, if present, it would conceal the cells from view. The important points about this simple "lateral eye" of the scorpion's head are, first, that the lens is not like that of the lizard's parietal eye, composed of "cells" forming the front wall of an eye vesicle or chamber, but is a button or knob of the outer horny, or "chitinous," cuticle; and, second, that it is supported by—and is the secretion or product of—a single layer of enlarged cells, which not only give rise to this horny substance, but are,

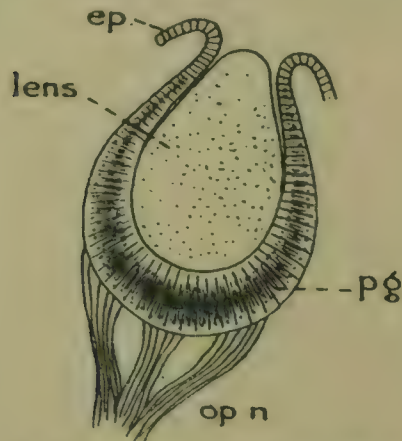


Fig. 6.—Section through the open-cup-like eye of the Limpet: *Lens*, the viscid plug of the eye "cup" acting as a lens; *ep.* the epidermis; *pg.* the pigment layer of the retina; *op. n.* the optic nerve.

at the same time, the "retinal" or nerve-end cells—"the sensitive plate" upon which the light, concentrated by the lens, acts so as to produce "vision." The "compound" eyes of insects and crustaceans consist of many hundreds of closely packed little eyes, each essentially like one of the scorpion's simple eyes, but further

elaborated in the structure and grouping of the soft living cells underlying each minute lens.

The paired eyes which both marine and terrestrial snails carry on their heads are, again, of a different make. The simplest—as, for instance, in the limpet—are open cups sunk in the skin, and filled with a transparent, structureless secretion, which is the lens (Fig. 6). But in other snails the cup closes up in front and becomes a little sphere enclosing the glass-like lens (Fig. 7). The back wall and sides of the cup (even in those cases where the cup is open) develop black pigment and embedded nerve-end cells connected by the optic nerve with the brain. (See Figs. 6 and 7, *pg.*) The cuttle-fishes are elaborated and more highly developed snails adapted to a swimming life. Their paired eyes are in appearance (colour and shape) wonderfully like those of the true "fishes" and other vertebrates, but are really unlike them in growth and origin, and are actually elaborations of the simpler eye of the snails. By up-growths a contractile, perforated screen of metallic lustre, like the iris and "pupil" of the vertebrate's paired eye, is formed in the cuttle-fish in front of the closed cup containing the lens (see Fig. 8 and explanation); and a further and later transparent up-growth—the "cornea"—in front of this "iris" forms an "anterior chamber"

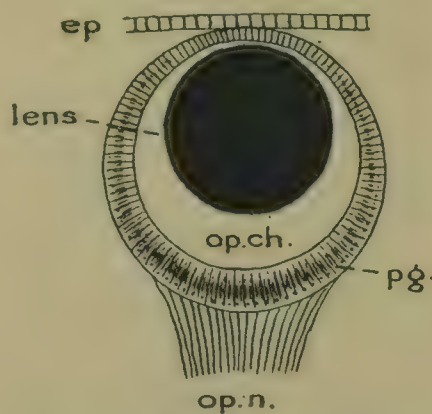


Fig. 7.—Section through the closed spherical eye of a Land Snail: *ep.* the epidermis from which the optic chamber (*op. c.*) has become separated as a closed sphere; *lens*, the spherical lens not completely filling the optic chamber (*op. ch.*); *pg.* the pigment-layer of the retina; *op. n.* the optic nerve.

to the eye, with clear, transparent walls. The lens, which becomes firm and separate from the more fluid contents of the original "eye-chamber," is now hung up, as it were, between that chamber (which is now the posterior chamber) and the newly formed anterior chamber. A muscle—like in position to the "ciliary" muscle of the vertebrate's paired eye—is attached all round to the edge of the spherical lens (*cil.* in Fig. 8), and serves to move it a little so as to focus the picture made by the lens on the back wall of the posterior chamber, where is spread the much-elaborated sensitive plate of pigment and nerve-end cells called the "retina." A pair of movable eyelids grow up in the cuttle-fish, externally from the sides of the transparent wall of the anterior chamber—the cornea (*el.* in Fig. 8).

As though expressly to show us the real nature of the cuttle-fish's eye, we find in the Pearly Nautilus—a living though very anciently evolved relative of the cuttle-fishes—a pair of eyes each as large as a marrowfat pea, but of absolutely primitive construction. Each stands up like a kettle-drum in shape, opaque and dull-coloured (Fig. 9). But in the centre of the flat surface of the drum is a minute hole giving access to its black-lined cavity. The sea-water has free access by this little hole to the cavity, and so have the rays of light which, entering here, form a picture on the black, sensitive, retina-lined wall of the little

kettle-drum. There is no "lens" or other accessory structure. Its simple structure is shown by a section through it (Fig. 9). It is what is called a "pin-hole camera," and the picture is

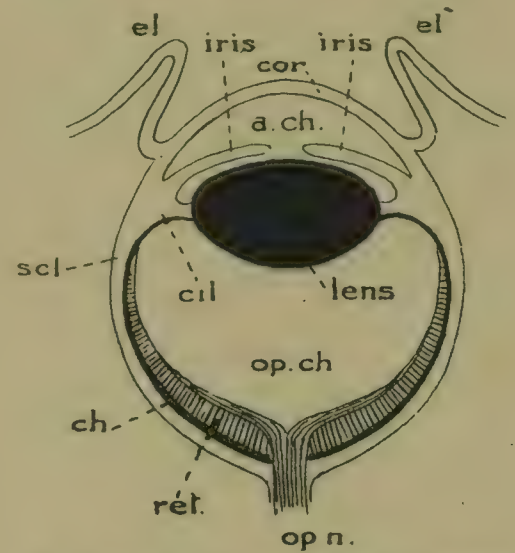


Fig. 8.—Diagram of a section through a highly developed eye representing that either of a Vertebrate or of a Cephalopod Cuttlefish. It shows anterior (*a. ch.*) and posterior chambers (*op. ch.*), an iris or adjustable curtain in front of the lens (marked *iris*), a "ciliary" muscle (*cil.*) which corrects the focus of the lens, and a strongly developed black-pigment lining, the "choroid" coat of the eye-ball (*ch.*) backing the retina (*ret.*); also the cornea (*cor.*) or transparent part of the wall of the eye-ball; *scl.* the tough opaque coat of the eye-ball; and *el.*, the eye-lids.

produced within it in virtue of the same optical laws as were made use of in the "camera obscura" shown in bygone times at fairs and seaside piers and pleasure-gardens. I say "were," for they seem to have gone "out of fashion." I have never had the chance of coming across this popular "show," though I lately read a novel in which the conversion of a cellar into a "camera obscura" by the accidental opening of a small hole in its roof is made the means whereby an unfortunate artist finds himself an unwilling witness of a murder going on on the roof overhead—the whole scene being projected as a picture on to the wall of the cellar. [To be continued.]

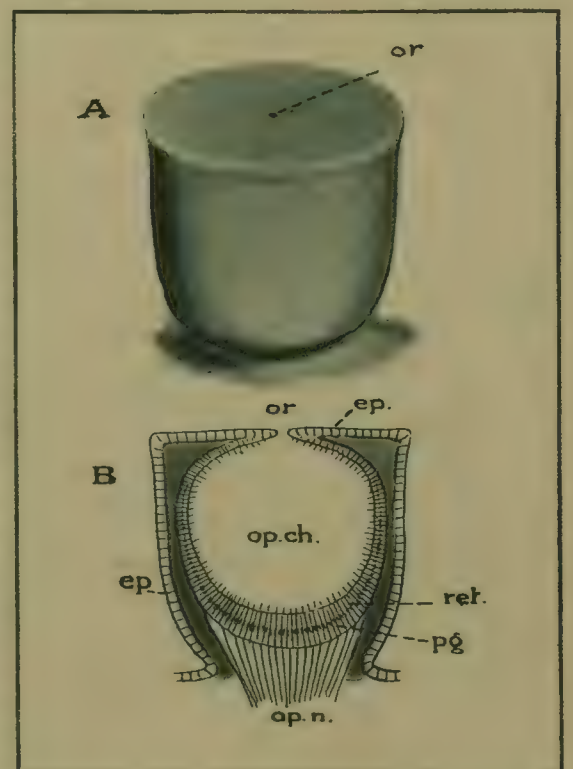


Fig. 9.—Eye of the Pearly Nautilus: *A.* the eye-ball standing up like a kettle-drum—seen from the surface; *or.* the minute pin-hole aperture by which the light enters the eye-ball. *B.* Diagram of a section through the same: *or.* the pin-hole aperture, or orifice; *op. ch.* the optic chamber lined with vibrating hairs (*cilia*); *ret.* the retina continuous with the epidermis of the outer surface; *pg.* the layer of pigment in the retina; *op. n.* the optic-nerve fibres converging to form the optic nerve.

# BREAKING THE SILKEN RIBBON: THE KING OPENING THE NEW DOCK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



READING HIS REPLY TO THE ADDRESS FROM THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY: THE KING ON THE DOCK-SIDE, WITH THE QUEEN; AND WITH THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCESS MARY STANDING BEHIND HIS CHAIR.



BREAKING THE RIBBON: THE ROYAL YACHT "ROVER" FORMALLY ENTERING THE NEW DOCK AFTER BREAKING A BROAD SILKEN BAND STRETCHED ACROSS THE OPENING.

There was a rare and picturesque event on the Thames on Friday, July 8, when the King went from Westminster to Gallions Reach by water to open the new south extension of the Royal Albert Dock. His Majesty was accompanied by the Queen, the Duke of York, Princess Mary, the Duke of Connaught, and other members of the Royal Family. The royal party travelled on a steam-ship to just below London Bridge, and there transferred to the steam-yacht "Rover," a graceful craft, snow-white, and flying the Royal Standard from her mainmast and the White Ensign from her stern. The pier-heads at Gallions Reach were lined by seamen from H.M.S. "Pembroke," and the lock-sides by boys from the

Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, the "Warspite," the "Arethusa," and the "Exmouth." The royal yacht entered the new dock by breaking a white silken band with her bows, after which the royal party went ashore, and the King received, and replied to, an Address from the Port of London Authority, presented by Lord Devonport. It is 120 years since the first of the great London Docks was opened by the younger Pitt, then Prime Minister. The new dock cost £4,500,000, and will accommodate liners of 30,000 tons. The first ship to enter after the opening ceremony was the Aberdeen Line s.s. "Demosthenes," an 11,250-ton liner which recently returned from Australia.

# WITH BAG INCLUDING A WHITE RHINOCEROS: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND BIG-GAME SHOOTING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.



ON A DEAD ELEPHANT: THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, LADY MAIDSTONE, LORD MAIDSTONE, AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (LEFT TO RIGHT).



SHOWING THE NATURE OF THE "SCRUB," AND LOCAL WARRIORS: ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC "RECORDS" OF THE TOUR.



SEATED ON ONE OF THE BEST ITEMS IN HIS BAG: THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND AND HIS WHITE RHINOCEROS.



SHOWING NATIVES DRAGGING UP A DEAD "HIPPO": THE DUKE'S STEAMER ON THE WHITE NILE.



LOOKING LIKE A RAFT FLOATING ON THE RIVER: A SNAPSHOT OF A SCHOOL OF "HIPPO."



SHOT ON THE NILE, AND "POSED" AS IF ALIVE: TWO OF THE LIONS SHOT BY THE PARTY.



TROPHIES OF THE CHASE POSED FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER: SOME FINE TUSKS.



ROCKING THE BOAT WITH THEIR SHOULDERS: NATIVES EASING THE DUKE'S STEAMER OFF A SAND-BANK.



STANDING BY THE FINELY HORNED HEAD OF A BUFFALO HE HAD SHOT: LORD MAIDSTONE.

STANDING ON THE MASSIVE HEAD OF AN ELEPHANT HE HAD SHOT: THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

By the courtesy of the Duke of Sutherland, we are able to reproduce these very interesting snapshots which form a record of the big-game shooting expedition in the Sudan from which his Grace has recently returned. The other members of the party consisted of the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord and Lady Maidstone. They travelled up the Nile from Khartoum by steamer. Rejet was the most southerly point reached. A variety of game was hunted, and the "bag" made during the trip included six elephants, of

which three each had tusks weighing 120 lb.; two lions; two buffaloes; a reed buck, with horns of 17 inches; and a quantity of smaller game. At Lado, the Duke of Sutherland shot a white rhinoceros, a species which is now comparatively rare. Numerous herds of elephants were found, but the law forbade the shooting of more than six. The heads of the animals shot are to be sent to the Duke of Sutherland's museum at Dunrobin, when mounted.

## FROM A CIVILISATION TWICE OVERWHELMED:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE ITALIAN MISSION, THE CRETAN



THE OLDEST CRETAN VESSELS OF THEIR KIND: EARLY MINOAN CUPS OF BLACK Banded WARE—FROM PYRGOS.



OF THE SCHOOL OF DÆDALUS: A GODDESS ON HER THRONE—ONE OF THE TWO MOST ANCIENT GREEK STATUES FROM CRETE.



A FIRST MINOAN ATTEMPT AT PORTRAITURE: A VASE OF A MAN'S HEAD, WITH DARK RED HAIR.



WITH A WINGED HORSE ON EITHER SIDE: A BRONZE HELMET WHICH WAS A VOTIVE OFFERING.

THE archaeological researches in Crete, to which we owe the discovery of the Royal Palaces of Knossos, Phaistos, and Hagia Triada, and knowledge of the great Minoan Civilisation, were far from their conclusion when the European War broke out, and the various foreign Missions then engaged in the work returned to their homes, to exchange scientific activity for military duties.

More especially, the Italian Mission—whose explorations had been going on for over thirty years, and included the investigation of the principal Greek and Roman cities in the island, the collection of Cretan inscriptions, and the survey of the monuments and remains of Byzantine and Venetian ages—had to suspend the greater part of its activities; amongst them the supplementary diggings in the lower part of the Minoan village at Hagia Triada; the extensive excavations at Gortyna and Lebena; and the work on the site of an archaic temple at Oaxos.

At Gortyna (after the isolation of the Pythium, the most ancient of its temples) the *Agona* and the Roman *Pretorium* (or Governor Palace) have been partially explored; while the Græco-Roman Odeum, built over the remains of the early *Prytaneum* of the city, has been entirely cleared up.

The amplification of these diggings led, later on, to the discovery of two elegant Nymphæa, adorned with statues and columns. Gortyna, situated in the lowest and hottest part of the Lethæus valley, was supplied by the Romans with plenty of pure and fresh water from the southern slopes of Mount Ida, by means of two aqueducts; and many of its fountains and baths remained in full activity until the middle of the Byzantine period, when the city began to decline, owing to the incursions of the Saracenes from the open shores of Messana Bay. The largest of both Nymphæa, as the excavations showed, was remodelled at that very time, its columns bearing inscriptions in praise of the Byzantine Emperor Heraclius the Great, his wife, Eudocia, and their children, who received the title of Augusti in 639 A.D. But the most interesting amongst the discoveries made at this place during the last campaign was that of a temple of the Egyptian deities, the offering, as an inscription says, of a Cretan matron, named Flavia Philura, and her sons. In its cellar, marble statues of Isis, Serapis, and Anubis were found perfectly preserved.

No less fruitful were the excavations on the southern coast of the Gourmian territory, near Cape Leon. These brought to light what still remains of the famous sanctuary and *sanatorium* of Æsculapius at Lebena—namely, the temple; a long hall leading to the secret room, or *Abaton*; and the subterranean treasury of the shrine.

The Lebena sanctuary, according to a tradition preserved by Pausanias, was a transplantation from the Libyan one at Balagra, the remains of which were found recently by the Italian Administration, near Zanla-el-Beida in Cyrenaica, and were described in the Jan. 15 issue of this paper. Two marble columns, now isolated from the rubbish, are the only ones found still standing in any Cretan temple. The sacred spring of Æsculapius itself, which is praised in the inscriptions as giver of health and purifier of every uncleanness, was unearthed east of the temple terrace, at a depth of about ten feet. The water, confined in its conduit for many centuries by accumulated mud and incrustations, sprang forth with violence at the last stroke of the pick, and overflowed the trench for some hours, then taking its ancient course. Since its discovery, orchards and gardens, immediately planted in its vicinity by the peasants of the neighbourhood, have brought vegetation and freshness to the dry, deserted vale.

At Oaxos, an early mountain city on the northern ranges of Mount Ida, where, in the seventh century B.C., according to Herodotus, reigned King Etearchos, the grandfather of the Therzan Battus, founder of Cyrene, there has been unearthed a shrine belonging

## NEWLY-FOUND RELICS OF ANCIENT CRETE.

DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES, AND PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



FROM A NYMPHÆUM, AT GORTYNA, WHICH WAS WATERED FROM MOUNT IDA: A NYMPH AND A PAN.



OF THE SO-CALLED CYCLADIC TYPE: RUDIMENTARY STONE FIGURINES FROM A TOMB AT PYRGOS.

worshipped at Prinia. The image of this goddess is represented by a great variety of archaic terra-cotta figurines found by hundreds in the courtyard of the temple, together with some fine bronze breast-plates and a votive helmet of later date, one of the most beautiful specimens of *repoussé* work of the fourth century B.C. yet discovered in Crete.

In order to resume its work there and elsewhere, the Italian Archaeological Mission returned to Crete in the middle of last June, and is now busy at Phaistos and Gortyna.

As already suggested, archaeological work in the island did not cease altogether during the war, and it grew in power after the Armistice. Fruitful researches were made, chiefly by the Greek inspectors of the Cretan Museum, Dr. Hatzidakis and Professor Xanthoudides. The former succeeded in recognising and measuring, by trial pits and trenches, what is reported to be the largest Minoan palace in Crete, larger than that of Knossos itself. The ruins of this huge building dominate the ancient town at Malia, on the northern coast of the province of Pediada, east of Candia. The name of this early settlement is unknown, but the grandeur of its royal residence is indicative of the extraordinary importance and wealth of the place in pre-Hellenic times. An enormous double axe in bronze, about three feet in width, proves the existence there of the same cult as in Knossos and Hagia Triada; while on the huge blocks of the building are engraved the same masons' marks as seen in the other Cretan palaces.

A large tholos tomb, recently explored by Professor Xanthoudides at Pyrgos, near Candia, and belonging to the early Minoan period (that is, to about 2500 B.C.), was found to contain hundreds of decayed skeletons, partly interred and partly deposited in crouched position within plain clay *larnakes* or *sarcophagi* of the same kind as those commonly found in Late Minoan cemeteries. We have now the proof that this practice was of a much earlier origin than we believed. The grave goods, consisting chiefly of earthen vessels of the most primitive fashion, obsidian and bronze weapons and tools, and small marble or stone figurines or idols of the Cycladic type, are so rich in number and variety that a minute description of them would be out of place here. A special mention must be made, however, of the large chalices in the form of double cups and of some spherical vases for suspension; both kinds in black banded ware, the former, Professor Xanthoudides suggests, were the forerunners of the pottery found in the earliest Dooitian strata and in the sixth city of Troy.

So much of importance has been found during the last few years that it has become necessary to enlarge the Museum at Candia and re-arrange the exhibits, which illustrate Minoan antiquity from its cradle and Cretan civilisation from its dawn, in the earliest Neolithic days to the Hellenic and Roman Ages. The visitor is enabled to follow, step by step, the development of Cretan art and industry, from the primitive stone implements and clay vessels of the Cave of Miami, to the finest productions of Minoan and Greek handicraft; from the rough sketches of human figures in clay, marble and bronze, to the Faïences of the Palace Shrine, or the ivory *plongeur* of Knossos, down to the Greek archaic statues of Prinia and Eleutherna and to the Hellenistic and Roman statues of Gortyna and elsewhere. The first attempts to make a portrait are shown to date from Minoan times; the Hellenistic busts and statues of Gortyna are the perfection of this art. Bronze relief shows its first form in the archaic shields of the Idean Cave, and its maturity in the breast-plates and helmets of Oaxos. Finally, the history of writing is documented there, as in no other museum, by the unique collection of early pictographic inscriptions and seals, in soft and hard stone; and of Minoan clay tablets.

FEDERICO HALBHERR.



ANOTHER OF THE FIRST MINOAN ATTEMPTS AT PORTRAITURE: A TERRA-COTTA FROM PHAISTOS.



ONE OF THE OLDEST GREEK STATUES FROM CRETE: THE HEAD OF A YOUTH.

"Everyman's Encyclopedia" will tell you of Crete: "The central date of this great but historic civilisation may be put at about 3000 to 2000 B.C. The periods are divided into Early Minoan, Middle Minoan, Late Minoan, each being divided into three. Some terrible catastrophe, probably from the sea, overwhelmed this great civilisation; a revival took place, only to be followed by another wave, probably connected with the Dorian migrations in Greece. From this blow the great civilisation never recovered." The archaeological work done in the island has been of the greatest importance for years past. The war caused the suspension of many of the operations, but not all; and we are able

to illustrate certain of the more recent discoveries. With regard to Dædalus, it may be useful to recall that he is the mythological Greek who is credited with the construction of the famous Labyrinth for the Minotaur. He, too, made wings for himself and his son Icarus, that they might fly from Crete to fall into the sea, the father to reach Italy. Possibly the story took its rise from the belief that Dædalus was the inventor of sails for ships. As to certain pictures, the following may be added. Between the double cups in the first photograph is a vase which was designed for suspension. The goddess on her throne and the head of a youth are of limestone, and were probably painted.

# LOST BY HARROW AFTER A GALLANT STAND: ETON V. HARROW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



GOING OUT TO BAT FOR HARROW: C. T. BENNETT (CAPTAIN) AND H. J. ENTHOVEN (ON LEFT).



THE TIME-HONOURED "RAG," WITH A RING FORMED BY PARENTS: AN ETON V. HARROW HAT-SMASHING CONTEST.



GOING OUT TO BAT FOR ETON: THE HON. D. F. BRAND (CAPTAIN) AND LORD DUNGLASS (ON RIGHT).



THE HARROVIAN HITTER-UP OF THE ONLY CENTURY IN THE MATCH: L. G. CRAWLEY BOWLED BY ALLEN IN THE FIRST INNINGS.



THE ETONIAN WHO PUT UP THE BIGGEST SCORE IN THE MATCH: P. E. LAWRIE STUMPED BY STEWART-BROWN IN THE FIRST INNINGS.



OUT "L.B.W." IN BOTH INNINGS: LORD DUNGLASS (ETON) HITS A FOUR.



VICTIM OF ALLEN'S BOWLING IN THE EARLY STAGES: C. T. BENNETT (HARROW) OUT FOR EIGHT.

In the annual cricket match at Lord's, on Friday and Saturday (July 8-9), Eton beat Harrow by seven wickets, but the outstanding feature of the game was the wonderful recovery made by Harrow. The opening of their first innings was disastrous, their three best batsmen being clean bowled for only 34 runs scored; but they never lost heart, and for the rest of the game they showed good cricket. I. G. Collins and L. G. Crawley made a fine stand when the loss of another wicket might have proved disastrous, and in the second innings Crawley batted

so freely and well that he made the only century of the match. Harrow's defeat was in all probability due to Allen's fine bowling in the first half-hour of the game. The enthusiasm throughout the match was intense, and the social side as pronounced as ever. The Prince of Wales was present on the second day. There was the usual "ragging" at the conclusion of the match, but of a milder and more friendly variety than has sometimes been the case on these occasions.

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# BRITAIN'S GREATEST HOTEL ENTERPRISE

## LADIES' NEWS.

THE Court Ball last week was all the more welcome for being unexpected. People had settled down to the thought of the only entertainment at Buckingham Palace this season being the Garden Party next week. The cards were therefore received with much jubilation, for a ball is a favourite function at the Palace, albeit, from a dancer's point of view, it is somewhat formal and rather crowded. There is a great deal to interest and give pleasure besides dancing. Invitations were out for it before the coal dispute was actually settled, because the King and Queen of the Belgians are specially favoured guests, and our Majesties probably felt it appropriate that the first Court Ball after the war should be in honour of those who had won through those terrible times with them. It was, of course, very brilliant; and it is quite safe to write, because all who saw will agree, that our Queen was the most notable, imposing, and beautiful figure present. Her Majesty's dress was of fine brocade, a rich, bright, soft shade of sapphire-blue, with a dash of deep violet in it, adorned with a lovely design in gold. The Queen wore her tall diamond crown in a design of alternate *fleurs-de-lys* and crosses which so splendidly suits her; the "Star of Africa" diamonds were worn as pendants on her corsage, falling on the ribbons of the Garter. The Koh-i-noor was also worn, and a long chain of diamonds, as well as drop necklets of the same gems. Princess Mary was in girlish contrast to her superb mother, being in simple white chiffon with touches of seed-pearl embroidery, sewn with silver, and wearing a row of pearls and a line of diamonds flashing from her fair hair. Queen Elizabeth of Belgium was picturesquely attired, as it is her custom to be, in ivory-white and gold; and she wore the ribbon and badge of a Belgian Order, and some fine diamonds and pearls.

Lady Wavertree still receives congratulations on the success of her series of exhibition games of tennis at Sussex Lodge. She is not a Sheridan for nothing, and to make £800 for a charity in these days, and give the smart world an afternoon's great pleasure, was an achievement worthy of a lady of that name. The arrangements were excellent and everyone was pleased—no one more so than the tennis champions, delighted to make a bit for a good cause by their skill. Queen Augusta Victoria, who was with King Manoel, had her black attire brightened by a collar and cuffs of red chiffon, which I was much amused to read of as brick silk. Many things we make of bricks, but, so far, no silk! King Manoel and his little Queen are tennis players themselves, and so specially

enjoyed watching the champions. Lady Wavertree made quite a picture, beautifully dressed in black and wearing over her luxuriant silver-white hair a pale-pink, semi-transparent straw hat; she is a picturesque person always. Two small nieces of hers sold pro-



THE LURE OF BLACK.

A frock of black taffetas with a cape to match, the latter being covered with lace, with, furthermore, a filmy ruffle round the neck. The hat is black too.—[Photograph by Talma.]

grammes; and no one, I think, enjoyed the afternoon more than they did.

Few things attract so forcibly as a set of beautiful teeth in either man, woman or child. It is rather sad

that it is somewhat rare to see one. If we only realised what carelessness about teeth means, perfect sets would be a far more frequent attraction. I have been reading a booklet written by Colgates, whose dental ribbon tooth paste is such a splendid preservative, and I strongly advise everyone to use it, and to use it morning, at night, and after every meal. I was talking of this to a man who said: "If Colgates' Dental Cream is as good as Colgate's Shaving-Stick, I'm for it; there isn't a better shaving-stick in this little round world." No end of trouble will be saved by using the dental cream, using it well, and using it often.

The Eton and Harrow match, like Henley Regatta, happens now earlier in the season than before the deluge, *i.e.*, the war. Consequently, they are not exactly among the last events, for the Royal Garden Party takes place nearly a fortnight later. There is no prettier affair than the public schoolboys' cricket, and it is never allowed to suffer from bad times. There was plenty of entertaining of quite the old-time kind, and the girls wore their prettiest frocks and their favours of light or dark blue, and clapped and called out "well played" as eagerly as their brothers and other girls' brothers. The absence of the King and Queen this week made a difference, and the Eclipse Stakes Meeting at Sandown suffered, as the King usually attends, and frequently has been accompanied by the Queen. This time the King and Queen will be racing off Southend in the *Britannia*, under her new rig. The Queen is becoming quite an enthusiastic sailor, and Princess Mary loves a cruise.

There have been a number of private dances in town, none of them reaching the proportions of a ball, and all of them very enjoyable. The dance at Dudley House organised by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke for the Friends of the Poor, proved quite a success. The Duke of York was there and danced with the Hon. Lady Ward, *châteline* of Dudley House, who was attired in cloth of silver embroidered in silver and finished with silver lace, while her beautiful jewels were diamonds and pearls. Princess Mary was at a dance given by Lady Nunburnholme on the same evening, when the fine ball-room, decorated in cream colour and gold, in her beautiful house in Berkeley Square, was filled with most that is brightest and best in our highest social circle. The Duke of York joined Princess Mary later. The dance was for Lady Nunburnholme's only and *débutante* daughter, the Hon. Monica Wilson, who is a very pretty girl. It was voted a delightful affair, and some others of a similarly enjoyable kind are to grace the nights of what is left of our so-called Season. A. E. L.

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Emperor who was also a  
philosopher:

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only that our life is daily  
wasting away and a smaller  
part of it is left, but another  
thing also must be taken into  
account, that if a man should  
live longer it is quite uncertain  
whether the understanding  
will still continue sufficient for  
the comprehension of things."  
—Marcus Aurelius.

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day: unless death comes first,  
we all grow old.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE NEW CANCER CURE.

WHEN the X-rays were first applied to therapeutic purposes, much unfounded hope was excited in the bosoms of those suffering from cancer. If, it was argued, the rays when accidentally falling upon the skin cause the death of the tissue, it only needs to bring them into direct contact with cancer-cells to cause these last to dissipate like a snowball in the sun. The theory was sound enough, so far as it went, but, like many other theories, it failed lamentably when put into practice. The rays, when falling on living tissue, seemed to spread themselves laterally rather than perpendicularly, and thus to choose the

X-ray tube hitherto in use, rays can be produced which will penetrate to a depth of 10 centimetres (or nearly 4 inches) below the surface, and will carry to that depth rather more than one-fifth of their skin activity. Hence it is easy to produce the desired effect at several points of a malignant tumour at the same moment, and thus to ensure the instantaneous death of all the cells affected. This effect, too, is produced with a dose not greatly larger than the least which would induce slight dermatitis or other injury to healthy skin.

How these new rays are produced has not yet been fully described. The voltage used is said to be as high as 200,000 volts, which points to the employment of transformers, presumably on the Tesla prin-

efficient cure for cancer has been discovered, or, to put it in a better way, that the difficulties in the employment of the X-rays for that end have now been overcome. The treatment takes from seven to twelve hours, and it is found expedient to give the full dose at once, so as to avoid the risk, hitherto present, of a partial exposure to the rays increasing instead of decreasing the rate of proliferation of the malignant cells. It is therefore necessary that the vitality of the patient should still be considerable, and that it should not have been lowered or otherwise interfered with by previous surgical operation. Hence one of the conditions of the new cure is that it should be applied in the early stages of the disease only, and before partial or general dissemination has taken place.



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sound tissue rather than the malignant. They also proved to have no power of penetration, so that any effect they produced was confined to the surface only, and they were therefore quite ineffective with a deep-seated cancer. Above all, in many cases, they actually increased instead of diminishing the proliferation of the cancer-cells, so that the tumours treated with them developed quicker than they would otherwise have done. The substitution for the X-rays of the  $\gamma$ , or Gamma rays of radium, which are in effect rays of the same wave-length, turned out to be equally useless; and in the long run practitioners found it advisable to return to the use of the knife in all cases where the cancer was in an operable situation.

According to the latest reports, however, all this has completely changed. Dr. Hermann Wintz, Director of the Women's Clinic at Erlangen in Bavaria, has discovered that by certain modifications of the

ciple, by which the secondary currents of the two induction coils employed are raised to the tension desired. Such an installation is now working at the West London Hospital, where the bequest of the late Mrs. Hull Martin has enabled the management to purchase it direct from Erlangen at a cost of £2000. The Press, both technical and lay, says that the waiting list of patients anxious to try the treatment is already too long to cope with; which is likely enough when we learn that Dr. Wintz can boast of 80 per cent. of cures in cases of uterine carcinoma, and of 75 per cent in mammary cancer. These facts are vouched for also by Dr. Reginald Morton, who spent a week at Erlangen to investigate matters, and reported on the subject to the Electro-Therapeutic Section of the Royal Society of Medicine at their December meeting.

It would seem, then, at first sight, that a new and

The importance of early diagnosis is thereby much enhanced.

Generally speaking, it must take some time before the result of a discovery like that of Dr. Wintz can be really appreciated. The mind has such an effect on the body that almost every new remedy is successful for a time, especially in obscure diseases like cancer, the "causing cause" of which is still in doubt. Hence the period of three years, the term which has elapsed since Dr. Wintz began the new method of treatment, is a little too short to decide on the infallibility or otherwise of its efficacy, and some further time must yet be allowed for possible relapses. Yet, even at the lowest it must be assumed that it has given relief for a very considerable time to the great majority of patients on whom it has been tried, and that it therefore bids fair to rank among the greatest medical discoveries of the age.

F. L.

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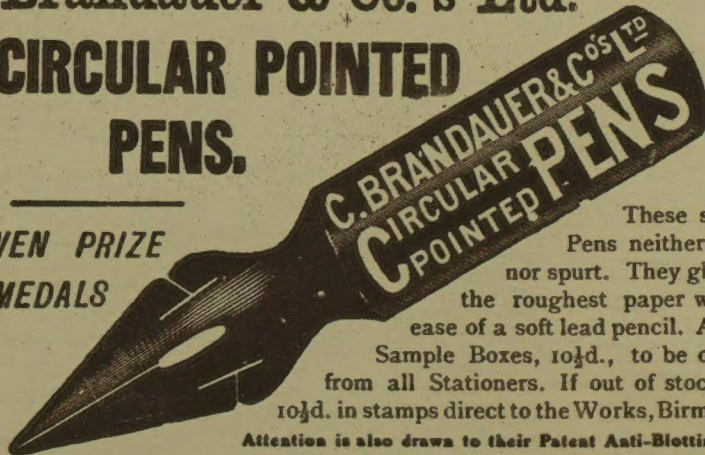
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Motor Associations and Dangerous Driving.** There is not the least doubt that there is a great deal of dangerous driving of all sorts of motor vehicles nowadays. I say all sorts of vehicles, because the danger is by no means restricted to any one type—drivers of all are equally to blame. Of course, it is



SHOWING A B.S.A. MOTOR-CYCLE IN THE FOREGROUND:  
A CAMP AT CHUNGALOLA, NORTHERN RHODESIA.

only a small minority of drivers who do drive dangerously, but it is unfortunate that this proportion is quite large enough to draw attention and thus to give a bad name to the whole community of motorists. One explanation is that there is a vastly increased number of motor vehicles now on the highway, and, naturally, the "new" drivers must in any case number among them the usual proportions of good and bad. But that does not account for it all. The fact is that very many people now own and drive cars who have had no previous road experience at all, and are thus quite ignorant of the rules and amenities of highway use. They err partly as a result of this ignorance, and partly because they have no sense of speed, distance, or proportion.

I take it that some will suggest that the remedy for this is an examination for competence before the issue of a driving license. I do not agree with this, because the type I have in mind is the one that would be on its very best behaviour under the eye of an examiner; and the latter would probably class the examinee as one inclined to err, if at all, on the side

of caution. It is only by observation on the road, when the driver is unaware that he is singled out for especial notice, that his *lâches* can be seen and known. The question is really a serious one. It is quite possible that the Minister of Transport is right when he says there are no figures to show that motor accidents are tending to increase. Fortunately, dangerous driving does not always end in accidents, and the fact that there is no apparent increase of untoward occurrences does not controvert the fact I have stated.

In seeking the remedy for the evil, I am inclined to think the *Auto* is right when it says that it is for the motoring organisations to take a very active hand in its suppression. At present, it is somewhat difficult for the road-farer to see quite what is accomplished by the numerous men in uniform one meets on the highways, and who greet with a smart salute the car carrying the badge of the association which employs them. I quite agree with the *Auto's* suggestion that these men would be far better employed in assisting the police to put down really dangerous and inconsiderate driving than in aimlessly wandering about the highways, seeking, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up.

**The 25-50 h.p. Sizaire-Berwick.** My last road test has been on the new model 25-50 h.p. Sizaire-Berwick car. This is a luxury car—one in which refinement of detail has been carried very far indeed—and is, of course, not at all in the low-priced class. From a car with such a reputation as the Sizaire-Berwick has achieved one expects corresponding performance, and I must say that I was not in the least disappointed. In the first place, one hears a great deal about four-cylinder engines which have the even torque and smoothness of a six; but when one analyses one's impressions of cars with such a reputation, the number

in which there is any possibility of mistaking the one for the other is astonishingly small. In the case of the car under notice, I can honestly say, however, it is possible to believe that under its handsome bonnet is a six-cylinder motor. It is, nevertheless, but a four, though an astonishingly good one. The smoothness and the silky running must be experienced to be believed. Nor is this characteristic singular to the engine. It is shared to the full by the whole of the transmission and chassis generally. Indeed, it would be difficult for the most hypercritical to pick out any detail or feature which could, in the light of our present knowledge of design, be better for alteration. It comes as near to being the perfect unit as it is possible to imagine within the limitations of present-day practice. I like the ideal of the makers of this unquestionably fine car. They spare nothing in the way of trouble to have the chassis right to begin with, and so far as that is concerned, each one is the same as another. But in the matter of body-work, which is all made by Sizaire-Berwick's, they believe in distinction, and so every car turned out has some point of difference from the next. The result is that the owner knows that there is not another car exactly



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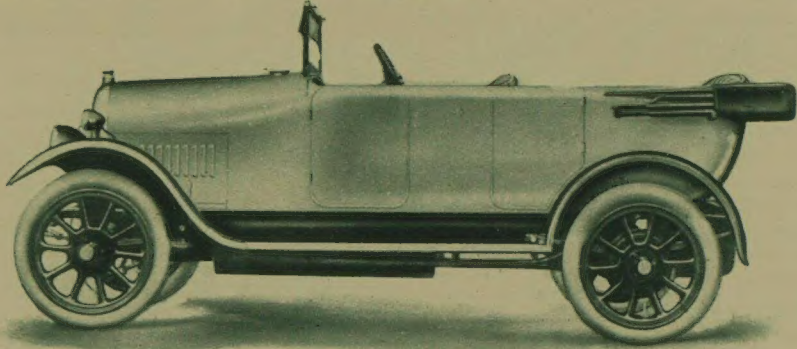


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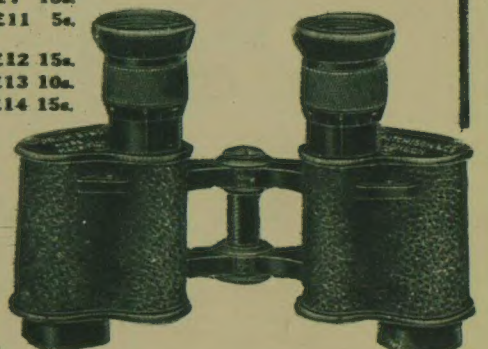
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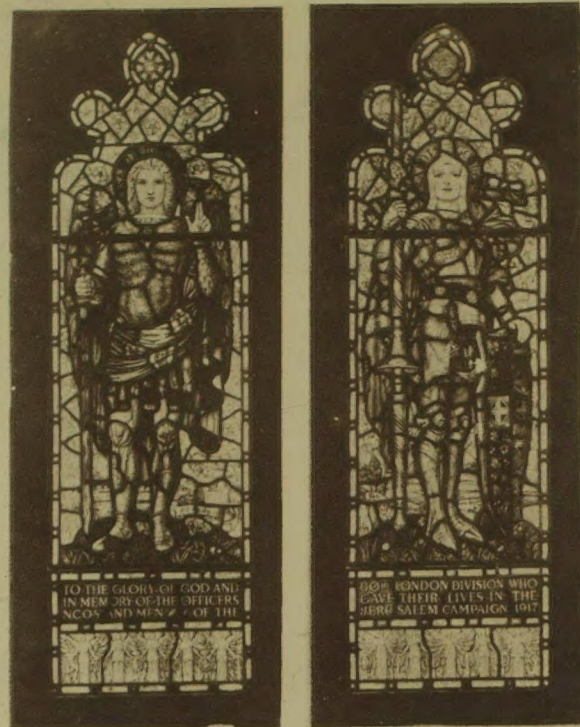
vivacious stepmother; while M. Sky makes the gayest of old flirts.

## "JAMES THE LESS." AT THE ALDWYCH.

"James the Less"—the work of an author called C. A. Castell—has some neat colloquial dialogue and some natural live characters; but these merits are obscured, and indeed annihilated, by the hopelessly idiotic character of the plot, which, to put it quite frankly, is melodrama at its hoariest and stupidest. Here is the story. A young man engaged to be married, already suspected by his saintly father of being a "wrong 'un" because he has exceeded the speed-limit while driving about a musical-comedy actress, is cited as co-respondent in a divorce case, the respondent in which has committed suicide. All his people and friends, even his sweetheart, believe him guilty. His old nurse alone confidently proclaims his innocence. Five years roll by, bringing in their train the Great War, and afflicting James the Less with shell-shock. In a fit of delirium he escapes from hospital and blurts out the truth about the old scandal, which is that his saintly father—who has died in the interval—was the real offender. With such material, which might in the hands of a more skilful author have been worked up into a passionate psychological study of "The Scarlet Letter" type, the Aldwych actors can do but little. All that can be said of them is that Mr. Owen Nares is not very convincing as the hero, and that Miss Maclean is pathetic as the heroine.

## "ABRAHAM LINCOLN." AT THE LYCEUM.

On the first night of its revival, which was honoured by the presence of the American Ambassador, the Lyceum audience welcomed Mr. John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" with almost as great enthusiasm as it habitually bestows on its own familiar type of melodrama. This happy result must be largely attributed, not so much to the skill with which the author has managed to compress the main events of Lincoln's life into six scenes, as to the novelty of the subject, the admirable quality of the meeting between General Grant and General Lee, and to the rhetorical character of the major part of the dialogue. Truth to tell, the actors, taking advantage of the size and of the traditions of the Lyceum, were more than a trifle inclined to ladle out the dialogue and to indulge in those over-lengthy and significant pauses so beloved of Kemble and Irving. Apart from this weakness, however, and from the difficulty of reconciling Mr. William J. Rea's Irish brogue and average physique with the Yankee accent and lanky person of the authentic Lincoln, the Lyceum production merits



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nothing but praise. Mr. Rea now gives us the very heart and soul of the Liberator President. Special mention should be made of three players who resume, with increased effectiveness, their original parts—of Miss Mary Raby, who still shows us a very sincere and moving Mrs. Lincoln; of Mr. Victor Tandy, whose General Grant is better than ever it was; and of that excellent and versatile actor Mr. Harcourt Williams, who again makes a splendid figure of General Lee.



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